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THE NEW REPUBLIC

August 20 & 27, 1977

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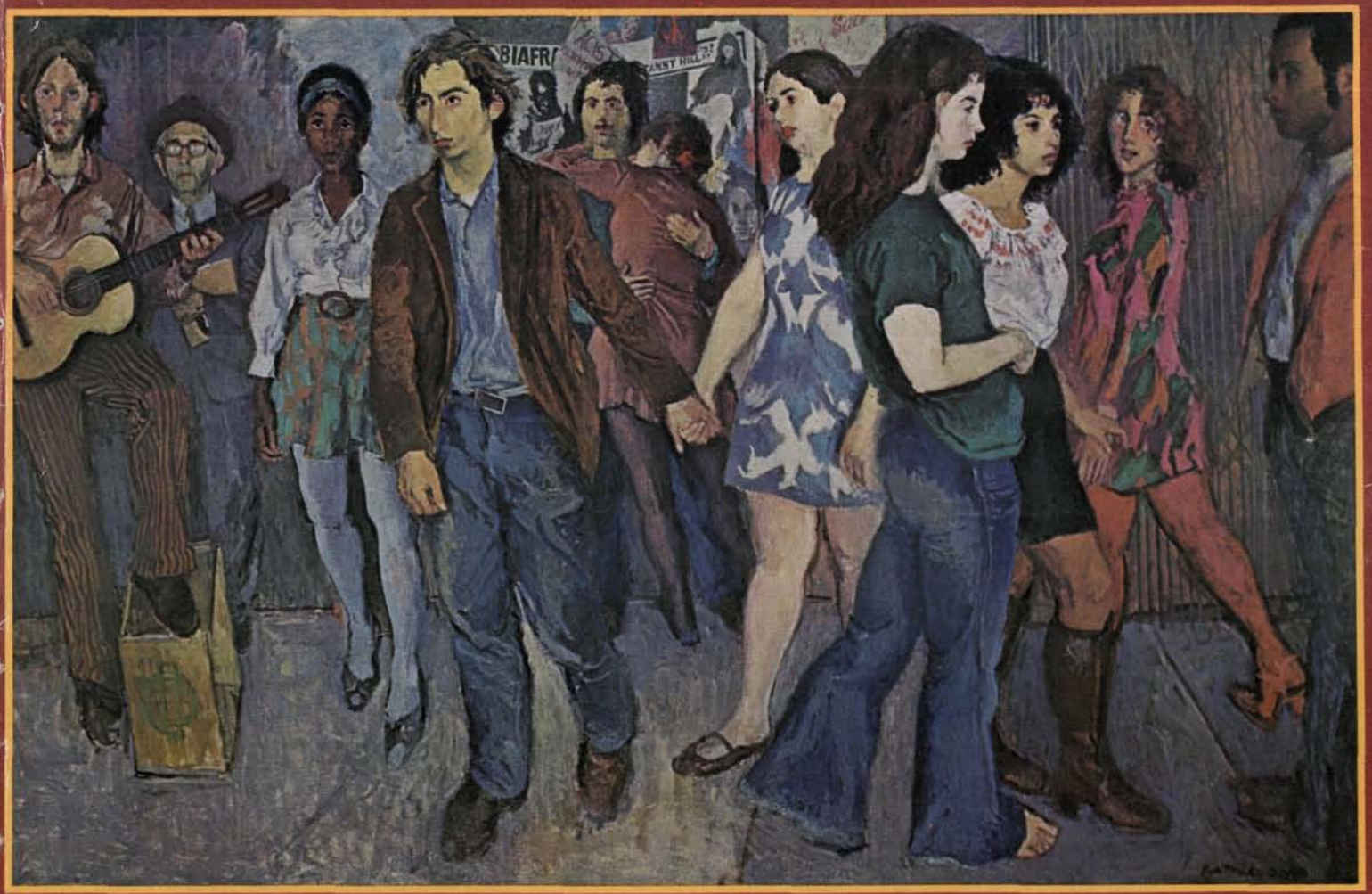
Malcolm Cowley on the Sixties



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TRB

from Washington ®
August 20 & 27, 1977

The Macho of Time

James Reston interrupted one of his recent Washington weather reports ("The heat's enough to melt the copper on the White House roof," etc.) to observe that Secretary of State Cyrus Vance "is putting in so many hours that he's scarcely getting the minimum wage." Reston probably thought this was pretty cute, but it demonstrated once again how far out of touch he and other Washington movers and shakers are from the life around them.

To earn his annual salary of $63,000 at the federal minimum wage of $2.30 an hour, Vance would have to work 75 hours a day, 365 days a year. (This doesn't include federal employee perks like health care and pension benefits. Nor does it reflect the fact that Secretary Vance, unlike his fellow minimum wage workers in the private sector, needn't participate in Social Security.) Working a more reasonable 24 hours a day every day for a year, Vance would earn $20,148—or, with time and a half for overtime, $27,830. This $63,000 is not a lavish amount for Mr. Vance's job—certainly it is less than Mr. Reston makes—but it bears no serious comparison to the minimum wage.

The real point is that Cyrus Vance doesn't work 75 hours a day, or 24 or even—I suspect—12. The whole concept of working time, when applied to white-collar workers such as the Secretary of State, is degraded by exaggeration and mislabelling. The higher the status level, the greater the exaggeration. When an auto worker puts in an eight-hour day, that doesn't include commuting or lunch (not even a "working lunch") or chatting or staring out the window (because, among other reasons, there's no window). The amount of time an executive or lawyer or journalist actually spends "working" in the narrow sense used to define a blue-collar worker's wage really is quite small. If 14 hours in the office actually produced eight hours of work, I'd be very surprised.

Now this is simply the nature of mental as opposed to physical labor; the human brain isn't as efficient as the human body, and it can't work long hours straight. Nothing wrong with it, as long as it's admitted. But it's not nice to brag about long hours. And it's an insult to people putting in an honest eight hours of physical labor to suggest, as James Reston does, that Jimmy Carter "thinks anything less than an 18-hour work day is a sign of indolence, if not moral weakness." Nobody in Carter's employ works an 18-hour day, or anything close to it.

Carter himself, we're told, listens to classical music 10 hours a day. If he also works 18 hours, that's 28 hours right there. Of course the assumption is that he listens while he's working, which doesn't necessarily detract from the quality of his work but may well detract from the quality of his listening. But there is no classical music or any kind of music being played in the coal mines. Miners listen on their own time.

People in Washington invest large chunks of ego in the amount of time they claim to work. And there is no doubting that law offices and consulting firms around town and the upper reaches of the Federal empire are full of people at their desks late into the evening and on weekends.

To take an extreme example, a young man named David Rubenstein, a deputy to Stuart Eizenstat, Carter's assistant for domestic policy, described his life to the *Washington Star* a while back: "I'm a workaholic. I'm in here at 7:30 in the morning, and I'm here until 11:30 at night, seven days a week. I have no free time." He lunches at the White House mess and dines out of vending machines. "I just don't have any time." This is like a parody of the typical "top administrative aide" media profile, but they all go on about early morning meetings and the packed briefcase trailing into the sunset and the loyal wife who complains, "We never seem to have any time alone anymore."

During Carter's first week in office, the President implied that he was going to stop all this nonsense. You remember when he told the world he wanted his staff to spend time at home with their families. But whether it's the fault of the

(continued on page 42)

The regular author of TRB *is on vacation. This column is written by another member of* The New Republic*'s staff.*

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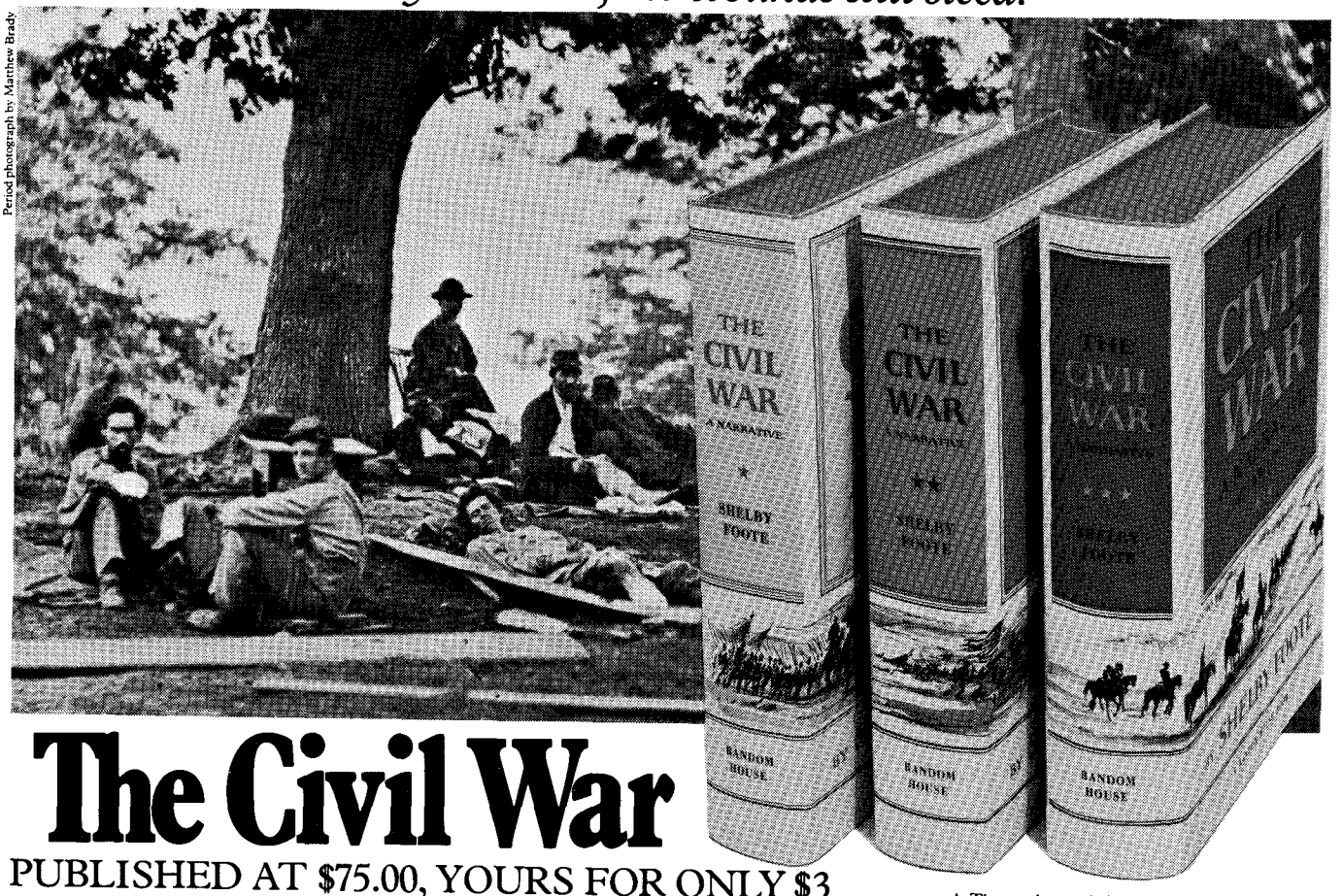
100 years later, the wounds still bleed.



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—Volume I, Fort Sumter to Perryville.

Here the great Stonewall Jackson, accidentally wounded at Chancellorsville, gives his last orders:

He left the sentence unfinished, seeming thus to have put the war behind him; for he smiled as he spoke his last words... "Let us cross the river," he said, "and rest under the shade of the trees."
—Volume II, Fredericksburg to Meridan.

And here a nameless foot soldier defies an order, during the Confederate retreat from Nashville:

"You go to hell—I've been there," the man replied, and kept on trudging southward in the rain. None among them had any way of knowing that the war's last great battle had been fought. All they knew was they wanted no more of it...
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A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 177, Nos. 8 & 9, Issues 3267 & 3268, August 20 & 27, 1977 Note: Vol. 177, No. 1 (July 2) was misnumbered. Published weekly (except the issues of January 8, July 16, August 13, August 27, December 31) and distributed by The New Republic, Inc., 1220 19th Street, N.W. Washington, DC 20036. Phone (202) 331-7494. Single copy, 75¢; Yearly subscriptions, $21; foreign, $24; students, $14.

Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies and changes of address to Subscription Department, The New Republic, 381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302. Copyright 1977 by The New Republic, Inc. Item g. Second class postage paid at Washington, DC and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Reader's Guide.

Cover: "Avenue of the Americas" (1969) by Raphael Soyer. Raphael Soyer's *Diary of an Artist* will be published in October by New Republic Books.

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Correspondence

Whose Washington?

To the editors:

Your recent issue on Washington (July 9 & 16) may have made some points you did not intend. Your argument, I take it, was that Washington inordinately benefits from the stability of its ultimate employer—the Federal government: salaries are high, employment markets are immune to inflation, bureaucracies are self-perpetuating and inner rather than outer directed.

You have, in fact, described the ultimate and logical extension of corporate capitalism. The paradox is that Washington—not Detroit or Chicago—has become the *real* model American company town. For the Federal government has extended its control over its local (but, only partially over national and international) markets in ways that are, no doubt, the envy of the corporate directorates of ITT and General Motors—*i.e.*, both vertical and horizontal integration, perfect (reasonably) control over demand, supply, distribution markets, etc.

Washington, D.C. *is* the corporate state in microcosm. If the Sherman and Clayton Acts were applied to the public sector, surely the Federal government would be hauled into court and slapped with a divestiture suit.

Your articles, however, present us with twigs and branches—not trees and forests. Washington and the Federal apparatus are *results* of the underlying structure of our political economy, just as are ITT and General Motors. A bit more serious analysis and less trendy (cutesy) rhetoric would be refreshingly appreciated.

Joseph L. Falkson
Washington, DC

To the editors:

Two articles inspire comment because of an apparent lack of perspective by the authors.

Morton Kondracke's article, "Boom Town," tells the truth but not the whole truth. Cities grow because of specific dynamic factors. Washington has had a special growth because its dynamics

(continued on page 41)

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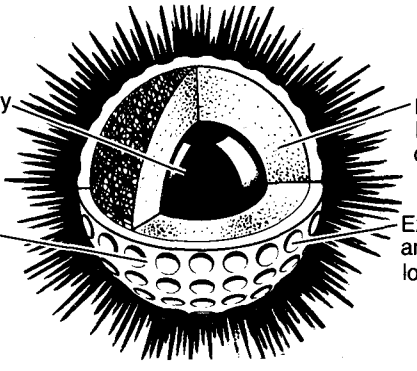
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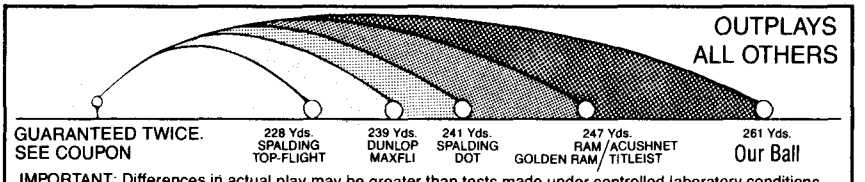
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Sources: BLS, N.Y. Times, Washington Redskins, D.C. Police, ICC, CAB

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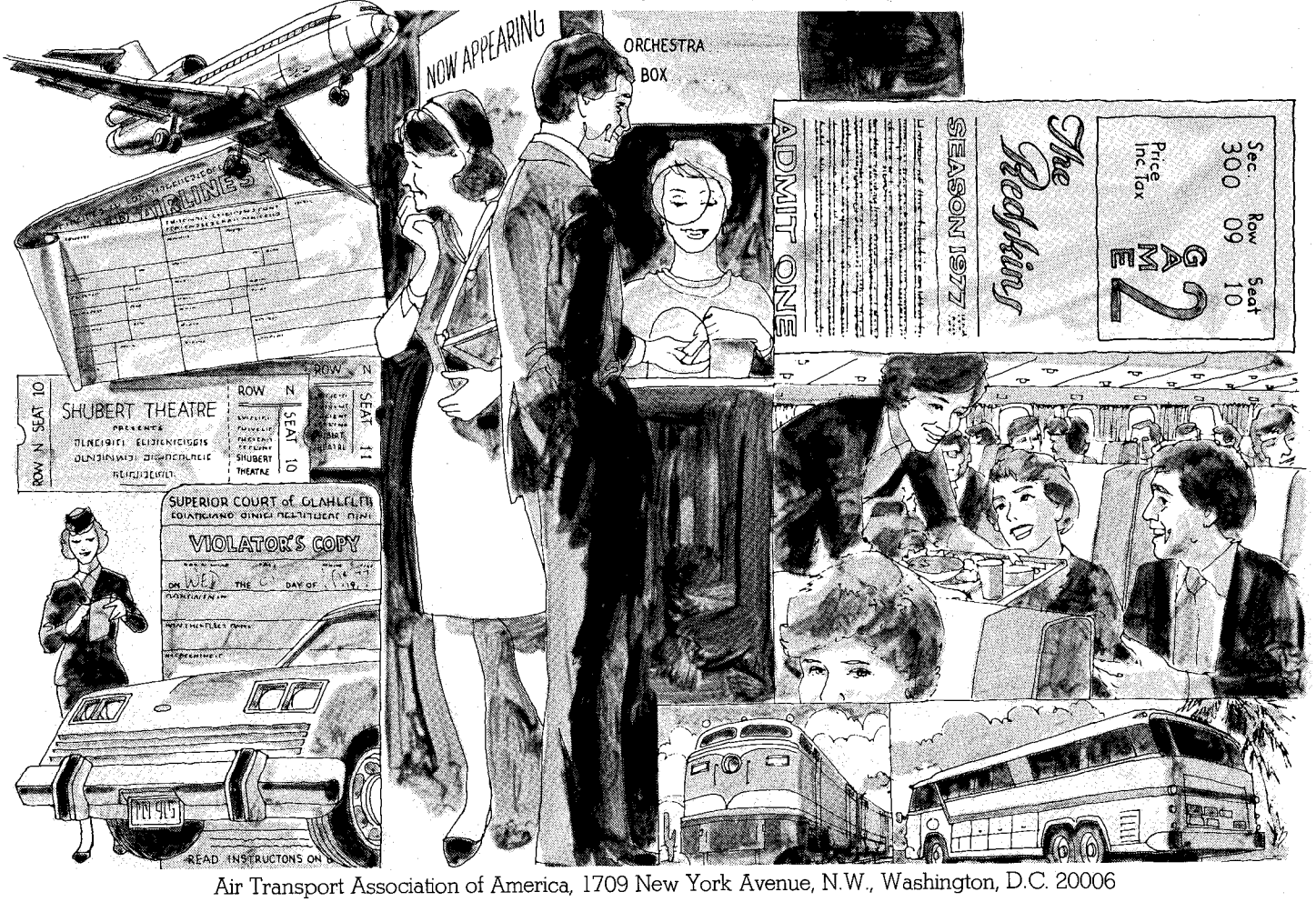

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
August 20 & 27, 1977

A Second Chance

It quickly became the accepted wisdom that only Richard Nixon could have reopened relations with China. If the Democrats had tried it, so the argument goes, unreconstructed cold warriors like Nixon himself would have screamed bloody murder. Now another item appears about to be added to this same fund of general intelligence: only Jimmy Carter can successfully sell comprehensive welfare reform to Congress and the American people.

It was Nixon who made the first attempt at revising the welfare system, eight years ago this month, with his Family Assistance Plan (FAP). The proposal met with public approval, cynicism on the left and confusion on the right. After receiving overwhelming support in the House, FAP died a slow death in the Senate. It deserved a better fate.

The Great Society programs developed under Kennedy and Johnson were conceived as service strategies; they aimed large sums of money at specific needs of specific groups of people. The result was an amalgamation of programs—expansion of Aid to Families with food stamps, housing assistance, Medicaid—which were only very loosely coordinated. Concurrently, there was a growing perception that the programs weren't doing the job. The money being spent on them increased inexorably, and so did the dependent population. In reaction, a new school of thought emerged which proposed an income strategy to replace the Great Society. The most efficient way to reduce poverty, it was argued, was to put cash in the hands of the poor, rather than filtering it through numerous state and federal bureaucracies.

These ideas found a receptive audience among certain moderate elements in the Republican party, which had long been bereft of ideas on domestic matters beyond the law and order cant. The GOP found it less than fruitful to be a party of nagging opposition, voicing its impotent nays against every piece of social legislation. The party had to be *for* something.

Nixon and liberal Democrats must share the blame for FAP's failure. Liberal Democrats, in a knee-jerk reaction, perceived this attack on the Great Society as an assault on the concept of social welfare generally. Nixon, attempting to mobilize moderate and conservative support for FAP, did little to discourage that notion with his emphasis on purging "welfare chiselers." In the end, he got nothing, and, as Daniel P. Moynihan predicted in July 1970, we would wait another decade until family assistance was enacted. Moynihan is the thread of continuity between Nixon's plan and Carter's. He deserves credit as the author of the FAP, and for keeping the pressure on President Carter to keep his promise of welfare reform.

In fact, the income strategy (like Moynihan himself) is not inherently liberal or conservative; it is a managerial tool. Whether it is progressive or not depends on the payment level in any given program. The service strategy clearly has failed. Reform of the sort that Carter has offered is a first step toward salvaging the system.

And Carter is the perfect candidate for the task of welfare reform. He constantly advertised his credentials during the campaign last year as a manager who could smell inefficiency a mile away and not rest until it had been expurgated. In addition, he is a self-professed outsider, not associated with the creation of the Great Society, but nevertheless having strong appeal and commitment to the poor.

His own attitude towards welfare mirrors the ambivalence bordering on schizophrenia that most Americans have on the subject. A gut attachment to the work ethic clashes with essentially benevolent instincts. A recent CBS/*New York Times* poll showed that while most Americans oppose the concept of welfare, they favor all the individual programs that compose welfare. This baffling statistic holds fairly consistently across class, race, and ethnic lines.

Carter's proposal seems to fulfill the goals he outlined last May as the objectives of welfare reform. The system contains strong incentives for work and for maintaining families. No one will make more money by not working, nor will a wage-earning father be able to increase his family's income by leaving his home, as is often the case under the current system.

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The Carter plan is not ideal. It does not contain a commitment to bring the income of families in which no one is capable of working to the poverty line, something our nation certainly can afford to do. No administration ever has designed a truly productive public works program; it remains to be seen whether this one will be able to. And it seems almost certain that the program will cost more than the original estimates, as federal projects are wont to do.

This last factor however should not be decisive; a rational welfare system that guarantees all Americans a minimal existence is worth a little extra. Second opportunities in this life are rare—Congress should not pass this one up.

Decriminalizing Rape

When the Supreme Court on June 29 discarded the death penalty as punishment for the rape of an adult woman, rape law reform took a step forward. The severity of the penalty will no longer deter the courts from punishing rapists. But the last few months have been a time of one step forward and three steps back.

Two judges in separate cases have made decisions that appear almost to "decriminalize" rape. In Madison, Wisconsin, Judge Archie Simonson sentenced one of three boys involved in the gang rape of a 16-year-old girl to one year of court supervision at home. Simonson explained that the boy merely was reacting normally to an environment of prevalent sexual permissiveness and provocative women's clothing. The Judge opined, "I'm trying to say to women, 'Stop teasing.'"

And in California, a judge usually known for his "law-and-order" stand has voided the conviction of a man charged with raping a hitchhiker. In his decision Judge Lynn D. Compton wrote, "It may not speak well for the prevailing standard of morality in society, but women hitchhikers should anticipate sexual advances from men who pick them up." These kinds of cases involving submission to a perceived threat are difficult. They involve the subjective intentions of both parties, and the honesty of each. But surely the mere fact that a woman has been hitchhiking should not open and close the matter.

Despite the prevailing law-and-order enthusiasm, Congress has been oddly negligent about rape (aside from allocating some federal funds in 1976 for the establishment of rape crisis centers). A Privacy for Rape Victims Act, that would protect rape victims from cross-examination on their sexual histories, has been tabled by two consecutive sessions of Congress. Worst of all, in the current rush to deny federal funding for abortions, the House version of this retrograde legislation will not even permit abortions for rape victims.

Congressmen argue that certain medical procedures to prevent pregnancy are performed and paid for by the federal government just after the rape. What they don't know is that the two medical procedures are full of risk and usually are not explained carefully to the rape victim. One of them, the Early Uterine Evacuation (EUE), is just like an abortion, except it is done without knowing whether the woman is pregnant. The EUE carries all the attendant risks of abortion, and is even less effective since the fetus usually is too minute to be located immediately after conception. The other method, the "morning after pill," or DES, is the same drug that is known to have caused cancer and sterility in the children of women who took it to maintain pregnancies in the 1950s. Now this hormonal bomb is given to rape victims to keep them from becoming pregnant. So while Congress debates the morality of abortion, helpless, indigent rape victims are denied access to a safe means of thwarting these most unwanted of all pregnancies.

What the court decisions and the congressional attitude have in common is a disregard for the rape victim. Judicial and legislative rulemakers won't bring rape law into the modern era as long as they keep believing the old myth that "She asked for it."

A Humanist at the Humanities

The republic of learning and letters works by squabbling—especially bitter squabbling, Henry Kissinger used to say, because the stakes are so small. So it's no surprise that since President Carter has finally fixed on a nominee as chairman of the National Endowment for the Humanities, there already are voices lamenting the passing over of other candidates. Some of the griping comes from folks who won't recognize merit in any Carter nominee. Since Ted Sorensen was dropped as CIA head, for example, there's hardly been a kind word from Arthur Schlesinger for anyone in the administration. Schlesinger objects to the new designee, Joseph Duffey, on political grounds. We've had our political disagreements with Duffey, but since when does the life of the mind require political, or for that matter intellectual, conformity? Were the other aspirants obviously superior? One of them ran a trendy college. An excellent possibility among the first crop, Charles Blitzer of the Smithsonian, didn't want the job in the end anyway. The others were partisans of one or another academic dispensation. Their friends are now wreaking revenge for their failure at the public trough.

Joe Duffey's academic discipline is ethics. That's not wholly unrelated to the callings of the humanities. The stakes are not so small after all. Duffey is a vastly literate man and a learned one. He is discriminating in taste and in judgment. But he is no dogmatist and is

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respectful of others with different interests, styles, even obsessions. As *TNR* readers will remember, we thought Ronald Berman had done extremely well as the last NEH chairman. Senator Clairborne Pell's attacks on Berman as an elitist seemed to us to be derived more from his own experience of the easy rewards of membership in the elite than from serious consideration of how the government should support the humanities. What Pell really was attacking was quality. That happens often in the Senate.

Duffey is not Berman. And the fact that he's not been a full-time professor may reassure the zealots of ignorance. Surely he brings his own history and diverse experience to the job, and his own special concerns. He also is very fair, and that's something that can't be said of some of his critics. Carter has made an excellent choice.

White House Watch

The Reign in Plains

Plains

Jimmy Carter's first extended stay since his inauguration at his home in this tourist-ridden travesty of the rural hamlet that Plains used to be, and a busy week in Washington before he flew to Georgia, provided some revealing glimpses of him as a President and as a person.

The President's signing of a strip mining control bill that he considered inadequate, and his submission to Congress of a proposal for less consolidation of authority over the major intelligence agencies in his new Director of Central Intelligence, Admiral Stansfield Turner, than Turner had demanded and Carter had intended, indicated that he, contrary to the reputation he earned when he was Governor of Georgia, can settle for less than he wants or has promised when he must. Arnold Donohue, a veteran civil servant in the national security section of the Office of Management and Budget, whom the President presumably has never heard of, devised the compromise formula that Turner and Defense Secretary Harold Brown, who was fighting to retain command of the National Security Agency and other military intelligence agencies, accepted from Carter without pleasure but with necessary public acquiescence. If Congress agrees—it's all dependent on Congress—Turner gets control of military and civilian agencies' budgets and long-range policy planning and the Defense Secretary gets operational authority to make the military agencies do what the Intelligence Director wants them to do. That seems mushy and confusing because it is mushy and confusing. In the course of announcing and considerably exaggerating the substance of the intelligence reorganization, Carter said that he had "strengthened" the Intelligence Oversight Board, a useful entity that President Ford created. The IOB still has a staff of one professional person and has been "strengthened" only in the doubtful sense that three acceptable Carter appointees have replaced three acceptable Ford appointees.

The warm welcome and high praise of President Julius Nyerere of Tanzania, an influential African Socialist who was rebuffed when he tried to meet Presidents Nixon and Ford, spoke well for Carter's understanding of the forces at work for black liberation in southern Africa. It also obscured the fact, generally forgotten, that Ford and Henry Kissinger invented and bequeathed to Carter the policy of American support for those forces. The welcome and the praise preceded President Nyerere's assertions that only black guerrilla warfare can overthrow Rhodesia's white minority government and that there is no possibility of a negotiated solution in Rhodesia. This sequence justified a wonder whether Jimmy Carter of Georgia is prepared for the onus he would have to bear for a massacre of the last white masters of Rhodesia or, citing another possible consequence, the murderous strife between rival black factions that could follow a violent rather than a negotiated institution of black rule.

Carter's proposals for welfare overhaul, which are evaluated elsewhere in this issue, were announced by him on his first morning in Georgia but they were devised and polished in Washington. Carter said that Daniel Patrick Moynihan, New York's freshman Democratic Senator, was "extremely complimentary about the program." Pat Moynihan should be complimentary. Some of the Carter program's elements, notably the requirement that welfare recipients including mothers of young children must work-when they are offered work or lose their benefits, and the sensible stipulation that welfare payments decline as private earnings rise, figured in nearly identical terms in the late lamented Family Assistance Plan that Moynihan nurtured and promoted for Richard Nixon. Nixon's work requirement was called workfare and was denounced by commentators including this one. Coming from Carter, somehow, a slightly more generous equivalent of workfare was thought to be reasonable and humane.

Small events that didn't make news told more about Carter and the Carter White House than the numbing succession of big events did. At a cabinet meeting on August 1, the President said he didn't quite know how to handle the criticism by some 40 women appointees in his administration of his refusal to advocate or permit Federal financing of most abortions for poor women. He told his hearers that he expected them to support his abortion policy and launched into a dissertation upon high-level dissent that one of those present paraphrased later, as follows: "Some of you oppose me on some

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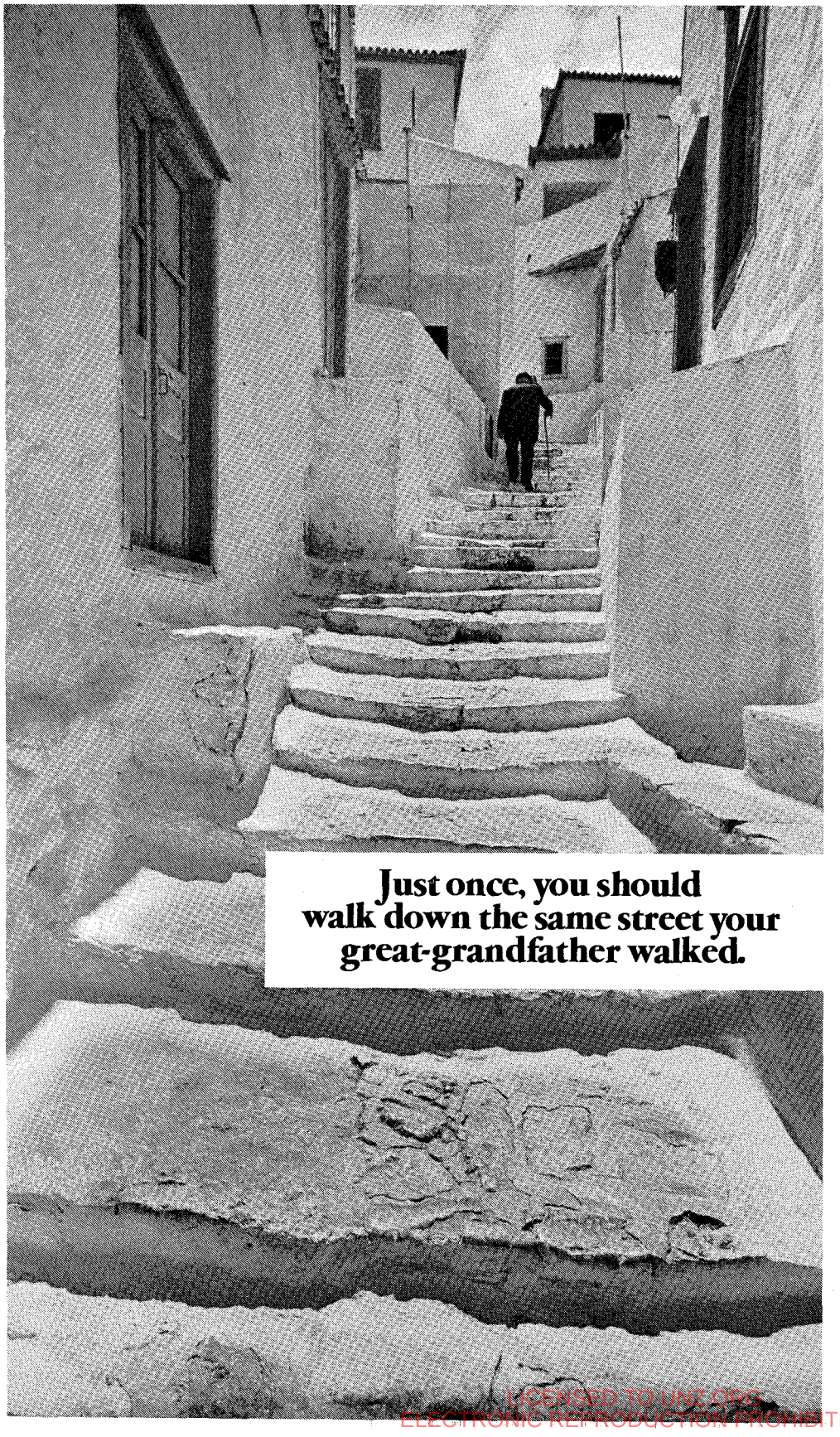
All of us come from someplace else.



Just once, you should walk down the same street your great-grandfather walked.

Picture this if you will.

A man who's spent all his life in the United States gets on a plane, crosses a great ocean, lands.

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things and you come and tell me. I understand that and am grateful for it. Until now, we have always been able to reconcile our differences. There may come a time when our differences cannot be reconciled. I hope that time will never come, but if it does we will just have to see." At a meeting with Peter Bourne, a British-born and Georgia-reared physician and psychiatrist, Carter approved Bourne's conception of himself as a White House staff innovator and overseer of measures to dramatize the administration's interest in the recognition and fulfillment of human needs, including but broader in scope than "human rights," throughout the world. In a memo dated last October 30, Bourne had urged Carter to regard and conduct himself in the presidency as a global populist and he had joined the White House staff in the expectation that he would be the President's deputy populist. That he now is, on a global scale.

Carter spent 55 minutes on August 4 listening attentively and with every sign of respect to eight prestigious citizens who were invited to the White House to tell him why they think his approach to a strategic arms limitation agreement with the Soviet Union imperils US security. Seven of them, including former UN delegate Rita Hauser, former Deputy Secretaries of Defense David Packard and Paul Nitze, former Under Secretary of State Eugene Rostow and former Chief of Naval Operations Elmo Zumwalt, Jr., are officials and executive committeemen of the Committee on the Present Danger, which is dedicated to the proposition that no arms agreement with the Soviet Union may be better than the best agreement that seems attainable. The eighth sage at the unpublicized discussion was former Congressman, Secretary of Defense and Nixon assistant Melvin Laird. Former Secretary of State Dean Rusk was invited and wanted to come but couldn't because of a prior engagement. The President, Defense Secretary Brown and Zbigniew Brzezinski, Carter's national security advisor, never told the guests why they were there. My guess is that Carter and his people are increasingly aware that the most they can hope to come up with in the foreseeable future is very little more than Henry Kissinger was on the verge of obtaining in January 1976 when election-year jitters and hard-line congressional and military obstruction persuaded him and Ford to suspend strategic arms negotiations. Consultation with people like the President's guests on August 4 probably wouldn't win their support but it might minimize their cynicism and opposition.

The best view that reporters got of Carter in Plains was at softball games on three successive afternoons. Only in such a setting does the observer realize how slight and lithe the President is. A press corps team defeated Carter's White House staff team in the first two games, giving him a chance to disprove the legend that losing any contest makes him cantankerous. He took the losses with easy grace and behaved as if his team's victory in the third game was of no great importance. He pitched for his team, his beery and amply bellied brother Billy for the press team. Carter served up the ball in high, arching lobs; Billy with faster nearly straight pitches. Billy was the better pitcher. He raised noisy hell with the press team's captain, Maurice Fliess of the Cox Newspapers' Washington bureau, when a temporary camera assistant for NBC, Kathy Harnischtegger, was allowed to break into the hitherto all-male lineup and play the last half of the ninth inning at second base. While Billy sulked, she caught a hard drive and held it for the last out. At all of the games the President was relaxed, in good humor and obviously enjoying himself, but always a little remote, a man within invisible walls. He seldom approached the other players and none approached him save when the play required it or he invited them to.

A fact that never ceases to fascinate me is that the President of the United States believes that there is a literal and eternal life after death, a life that must and will be spent in a literal heaven or a literal hell. Carter never parades the fact and his famous identity as a born again Baptist. But he can't stay in Plains over a Sunday without his attendance at Sunday school and church services reminding everyone of his faith and belief. On this visit, he confronted for the first time the consequences of a split among the local Baptists, that, as he has said, was "brought on our church by the publicity that surrounded my presence there." He referred to the firing last spring from the pastorate of the Plains Baptist Church of Carter's friend and supporter, the Reverend Bruce Edwards, and the resultant resignations from the church of 34 members led by the President's boyhood companion and first cousin, state senator Hugh Carter, Sr. The immediate issue was Edwards's willingness to open the whites-only church to black members. Jimmy Carter and his wife Rosalynn proposed unsuccessfully in 1965 to let blacks and other civil rights demonstrators attend the Sunday services if they wished, but they advocated black membership only after Carter was elected President last November. Other issues figured in Edwards's discharge and Hugh Carter was probably correct when he said on August 6, "It was anti-Edwards, anti-Carter, anti-black, in that order." Weeks after Edwards was fired, but before Hugh Carter and his fellow dissidents had established the rival Maranatha (for "our Lord cometh") Baptist Church, Carter noted his and his family's temporary membership in the First Baptist Church in Washington and said of the Plains Baptist Church: "Oh, it's my church and I don't ever intend to leave it. . . . When I come back to Plains, the Plains Baptist Church will be my church."

When Hugh Carter was asked on August 6 whether he and other founders of the new church felt that the President had given them adequate support, he

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answered, "We understand that the President is more or less on the spot because he has to be President of all the people. But I think we'll see tomorrow where he stands when he comes to our church." That afternoon, a Saturday, the White House press office said in a written notice: "The President will attend the Maranatha Baptist Church Sunday. . . . He will attend the Plains Baptist Church the next time he goes to church in Plains." On Sunday morning he attended the men's Bible class that he used to teach at the Plains Baptist Church. Then he motored to the new church, four miles outside Plains, where he assured God in song that he had been "washed in the blood of the Lamb." He, Rosalynn and daughter Amy heard Maranatha's 34-year-old pastor, the Reverend Fred Collins, who had preceded Bruce Edwards at the Plains Baptist Church and quit in disgust in 1974, argue in what he called "a doctrinal sermon" that all of us are free to come or not to come to God through Jesus Christ and thus to decide for ourselves whether to spend eternity in heaven or hell. At the end the President prayed briefly and, while the pastor prayed, folded his hands on the back of the bench in front of him and pillowed his head on his hands. Rosalynn sat upright, with an arm around Amy. Amy read the wording on the back of a cardboard fan. That afternoon Carter spent 45 minutes with Collins at the Carter home, talking about the new church and religion in general.

John Osborne

The oil companies don't really want more oil.

No Rush

The new Secretary of Energy, James Schlesinger, went to the Senate to defend his energy plan before the hostile Finance Committee last week. The chairman, Russell Long of Louisiana, comes from a big oil state and has represented oil interests with great ability and enthusiasm for nearly 30 years. He wanted to know why the President's energy package—which now has passed the House—doesn't have any "incentives" for the industry. If there must be a tax on oil to discourage waste, Long asked, why should it be rebated to taxpayers? What's the point? Why not give it to people who could really use it, like oil companies? Senator Talmadge of Georgia asked whether the rebate would be given even to "baby infants." (It will.) And another senator wondered if Schlesinger had read an article in *The Wall Street Journal* that claimed there were huge untapped deposits of natural gas lying offshore in the Gulf of Mexico. Why not free the price of gas from government control? Wouldn't the lure of big profits encourage people to drill in the Gulf? Schlesinger listened serenely to all of this and replied that he hasn't paid much attention to claims that there are enormous deposits of gas waiting to be tapped because "they seem to be based on smoking pot."

The Carter-Schlesinger approach to energy is based on something quite different, a grim vision of an oil Armageddon in which supplies come to a dead end. They believe that the best way to prepare for the event is to abstain from the pleasures of oil and make ready (using coal and nuclear power as a transition) for the days of solar power. The self-denial in the program is "the moral equivalent of war." And because Carter and Schlesinger believe that petroleum is a disappearing resource, they do not intend to use the US budget to stimulate the industry.

The Carter plan, predicated as it is on a vision of scarcity, makes no allowance for the possibility that the problem may lie more with the oil companies than with the oil. Schlesinger has said several times that the unregulated high price allowed for new oil today (around $13 a barrel) should be enough incentive to get any company to take the risk involved in looking for new oil fields—if there are new fields to be found. He is right: it is a big incentive. But Schlesinger ignores the possibility that the companies most able to take the risks may not want to take them. They are comfortable with the present arrangement, and they may even perceive it to be against their interests to tap new oil sources at the moment. The smaller independent drillers, who are more inclined to take risks than the majors, have the opposite problem. They would like to drill, but cannot get access to the huge amounts of capital that are required to finance new exploration projects. With every passing day, the independents' chance of getting some of that capital diminishes, because the world's liquid cash seems to be draining into bank accounts held by those who already control big oil fields—the richest OPEC nations and the major companies.

One would guess that after the tremendous price increases of 1973 and 1974 even the big companies must have felt the lure of new profits and speeded up their drilling plans. There has been a slight increase in exploration, but the most expensive kind—offshore drilling, which only the major companies can finance—has not kept pace. It has slowed down. The slump is documented in the May 1977 issue of the *Review* published by the Federal Reserve Bank of Dallas. An article by Stephen Gardner reports that because the oil companies are not signing contracts, there is an unprecedented surplus of idle drilling rigs in the world market. "Because of the oversupply," he wrote, "day rates for drilling paid some rig owners fell as much as 50 percent in 1975 . . . . "

The fall-off in the use of drilling rigs may be explained in part by the fact that the US has not been leasing ocean tracts as rapidly as the industry expected,

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and those tracts that were leased proved to be duds. But it also is possible that the major companies just don't want to hire the rigs at the moment. A new discovery the size of, say, Kuwait would threaten to drive prices down and, in addition, bring oil into the market that the big companies simply don't need. According to *Business Week* of August 15, American refineries are "drowning" in a surplus of crude oil this summer and gasoline prices are falling. An Exxon official told *Business Week* it might be necessary to "shut in crude capacity," which means to shut off the oil coming out of some wells. In these circumstances, the big companies simply may not want to risk money on exploring unknown territories.

The idea that oil companies might not want to devalue their invested wealth by rushing to open new oil fields is not speculation, but a recurrent theme in the history of the oil business. Howard Page, an executive at Exxon, reiterated it most recently in 1974, before the Senate Subcommittee on Multinational Corporations. Page was asked why Exxon decided not to explore a huge oil field in Oman, an Arab country in the Persian Gulf. He answered: "I thought it would endanger our Aramco (Arab-American Oil Company, Saudi Arabia) concession if we went into a new concession in the same area . . . . Just at this time, the producing department brought in their geologist who had just come back from Oman, and he stated, 'I am sure there is a 10-billion barrel oil field there,' and I said, 'Well, then, I am absolutely sure we don't want to go into it, and that settles it.' I might put some money in if I was sure we weren't going to get some oil, but not if we are going to get oil . . . . " Exxon regarded its investment in Saudi Arabia as being so valuable that it didn't want to take any risk that would endanger it, not even the risk of successfully opening a new 10-billion-barrel oil field. An independent would have jumped at the chance.

Because the Carter energy bill does nothing to loosen the stranglehold the oil cartel now has on investment capital, some of the oil experts on Capitol Hill are searching for a way to attack the problem by indirect means. Senator Frank Church, who chaired an investigation of multinational oil companies in 1974, wrote a letter to Carter on June 28 urging the President to take away the foreign tax credit that companies in OPEC nations have been allowed to collect since 1956.

The IRS now permits the companies to subtract dollar-for-dollar from their US tax bills the royalties they pay to OPEC governments. The purpose of the foreign tax credit is to avoid double taxation. But OPEC royalties aren't taxes; they are simply costs of doing business and should be deducted from taxable income (not credited against taxes due) like any other business expense. The tax credit serves as subsidy from the US Treasury to companies that do business with OPEC. The credit makes it more profitable to buy a barrel of oil abroad than to drill for it domestically, even when the cost is the same.

There is a more direct way to break the cartel's lock on capital: governments themselves could put up money for exploration outside OPEC. Bill Lane, a former aide on Senator Church's subcommittee, now in private law practice, has circulated a paper promoting something he calls a "strategy of oil proliferation." Lane quotes a United Nations report on a conference of 70 geologists this year which estimated that there are 1.5 to 1.8 trillion barrels of oil and natural gas waiting to be discovered in developing countries. Lane points out that very little exploration has been done outside the US and OPEC. "There are twice as many oil wells in the state of Kansas as in all of South America," he says, "and three times as many in Arkansas as in Africa." Even though oil may be plentiful in these new areas, it is nearly impossible for a small oil prospector to borrow the money needed for this kind of exploration. The big international funds like the World Bank and the Inter-American Development Bank do not lend money for exploration. They have steered away from petroleum projects in the past because the US insisted there was enough money for this work in the private sector. The big private banks like Chase Manhattan only lend to the safest customers—which is to say, to the established international oil companies. The capital for oil has been kept tightly controlled within the family. Lane thinks that an international fund backing high-risk drilling projects through a neutral agency like the World Bank not only would break the financing deadlock but would help pay for itself through its successes.

International bank policies are changing slowly. The communique issued at the London economic summit in May urged the World Bank to give "special emphasis" to energy projects in less developed countries, and in July the Bank's executive board endorsed the idea. No money has been put aside for energy and no specific targets have been set, but already two projects have been approved—one in India and one in Pakistan. The Bank still regards the policy as "experimental," and it still refuses to lend money for exploration. One expert explained why: the Bank doesn't want to assume the enormous risks, it regards exploration as the quintessential work of private entrepreneurs and finally, even if it wanted to get involved, it would probably turn to the international oil companies for advice anyway because they employ all the experts.

To an outsider, this logic seems all wrong. If the world confronts an emergency as severe as the one Jimmy Carter envisions, if the alternative is nuclear proliferation and pollution, and if the oil professionals are unwilling to risk money on new projects, then the giant agencies of goodwill like the World Bank and Inter-American Bank seem to have no alternative but to take on the job. If they do, they should take on the greatest risks, not the medium-sized ones. For who else can afford it, if a consortium of governments cannot?

Eliot Marshall

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A summer refreshment.

Red raspberries

The raspberry is a child's fruit. It is candy on a tree, at his height, and filling up on it is nearly impossible. He goes deeper and deeper into the bramble, less and less conscious of the thorns, attracted by yet another cluster of berries only a step beyond his reach, and eventually surrounded by the bushes and lost in the forest.

Each raspberry is a discovery. The fattest and the sweetest hide under leaves, the choicest is the hardest to find. And no matter how thorough the search may be, a few berries are always left on the branches for the next hunter.

It is food fit for fairies and elves yet the mighty bear loves it, thrives on it. How can a fruit so small and ethereal satisfy an appetite so gross?

Raspberries do not travel well. Buying them in a little basket at the store always brings disappointment: the freshness is lost, and at the bottom are berries crushed or moldy. It is best to eat them off the branch, gently pulling them loose from the stem.

There is a right moment for picking. Many people like a raspberry when its flesh is firm, its color the red of red flags. Others wait until it is soft and a bit overripe, with just a suggestion of decay and the red on the eve of turning a royal scarlet.

Unless raspberry bushes are pruned and the suckers cut off, they conquer the earth. Their lateral roots are strong and spread far, and new shoots come up at the first sign of spring. It takes character to resist raspberry imperialism. But to let all branches bloom and to give all runners the right to grow means disorder, chaos—and a smaller fruit.

When compared with the essential apple, the richness of grape or the magnitude of watermelon, the raspberry is a footnote to Creation, an item unlisted in the GNP—a frill as useless as an idle thought.

The raspberry is a promise of sweet roundness, an invitation. It delivers an elusive aroma, a fleeting softness on the palate. It is a pretend fruit, with no more than a lacy whisper of a taste—an illusion.

The raspberry is a light kiss—not the passionate embrace of the juicy peach or the perfumed honeymoon of the mango, but a hint of affection, the beginning of a romance, a secret message.

A raspberry patch is the stuff memories are made of. It can be that enchanted garden of serenity that some of us try to find—to recapture another self, to savor once more the incomparable taste of an innocence that can never come again.

Charles Fenyvesi

Charles Fenyvesi is a Washington writer.

The phantom of a West Bank PLO state.

Don't Bank On It

by Alan Dowty

Whether euphemized as "homeland" or "entity," the idea of a West Bank Palestinian state as the centerpiece of an Arab-Israel settlement appeals to the tidy mind. It seem to tie up all the loose ends in the conflict: the future of occupied territories, a negotiating partner for Israel, something to occupy the PLO. The idea of dividing the area into self-governing Jewish and Arab states is indeed compellingly logical. It was the basis for the UN recommendation of 1947 to partition Palestine into Arab and Jewish states. The idea was rejected then by Palestinian Arabs as unjust and as entailing "grave practical difficulties . . . . commerce would be strangled, communications dislocated and the public finances upset."

Arab views on the desirability and practicality of an Arab Palestinian state in *part* of Palestine have changed since 1947. Is this, then, an idea whose time has come? The Carter administration apparently believes so.

The President has been somewhat coy in defining his

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"homeland," and in locating it on the map. The Jordanians, I discovered when in Amman recently, feared he was thinking of a Palestinian homeland on the *East* Bank of the Jordan, thus making the Hashemite regime dispensable. These fears apparently were put to rest in the Carter-Hussein meeting earlier this year. But the Jordanian paranoia was grounded in logic: by any test of geography, culture, history, or demography, East and West Banks belong together. The original British mandate of Palestine included both. Even if "Palestinian" is narrowly defined as West Bank, half of Jordan's population is of Palestinian origin. The PLO itself considers Jordanians and Palestinians "as one people," and has repeatedly called for a government in Amman "that will cohere with the Palestine entity."

In common parlance, however, "Palestinian state" is now taken to mean a state on the West Bank (and in Gaza)—a "second" Palestinian state, designed to bring into the negotiating tent those Palestinians not represented by Hussein. The most striking thing about this concept is its total irrelevance to the problem it is designed to solve.

The PLO essentially represents the interests of 1948 refugees from Israel proper. The offer of a chance to "return" to Nablus or Hebron is irrelevant to the refugee from Acre, Jaffa, or Tiberias. For that matter all of these people could have resettled in Nablus or Hebron if they had wanted to any time before 1967. The persistence of outside observers in trying to fit the PLO and the West Bank together is puzzling in view of the PLO's own clarity on the subject. Indeed, the PLO must be absolved of any blame for this confusion; PLO leaders have repeatedly insisted, over the disclaimers of their well-intentioned interpreters, that they do not regard a West Bank state as satisfaction of their grievances.

The crucial PLO debate on the West Bank took place at the 12th session of the Palestine National Council, in June 1974. At that time the PLO agreed to establish an "independent and fighting authority" on the West Bank whenever that real estate might become available. But the program adopted at that meeting also declared,

> *The PLO will struggle against any plan for the establishment of a Palestinian entity the price of which is recognition, conciliation, secure borders, renunciation of the national right, and our people's deprivation of their right to return and their right to determine their fate on their national soil.*

Despite fanfare, the only change in the PLO's position made by the 13th National Council, in March of this year, was to substitute the word "state" for the word "authority." Farouk al Kaddoumi, PLO "Foreign Minister," carefully explained,

> *We accept at this stage that we have this state on only part of our territory. But this doesn't mean that we are giving up the rest of our rights . . . There are two [initial] phases to our return. The first phase to the 1967 lines, and the second to the 1948 lines . . . the third stage is the democratic state of Palestine.*

Again last week there was an orchestration of rumors and hints about a "basic change" in the PLO position—this time in the form of accepting UN Resolution 242. President Carter, ever the optimist, declared hopefully that "Palestinian leaders have indicated indirectly that they might adopt Resolution 242." But once again, the PLO was at pains to disprove its self-appointed spokesmen; within hours a spokesman had denied any intention to accept 242 unless it were rewritten to include the "political rights" of the PLO—implying a basic change in the nature of the document. The PLO someday might be prevailed upon by its Egyptian and Saudi friends to make cosmetic changes in its public position—enough change, at any rate, to allow the Arab states to claim that the PLO has met US standards for admission to Geneva. But even acceptance of Resolution 242 without changes would not mean that the PLO accepts a mere West Bank state as a solution for the 1948 refugees, any more than it means Syria accepts it. At one time Secretary of State Cyrus Vance insisted that nothing less than a change in the PLO Covenant would be adequate; now that minimal requirement seems to have been jettisoned.

A West Bank state would be inadequate for the 1948 refugees, even if they could be persuaded to move there. The area is about a quarter the size of Massachusetts, much of it barren. Before 1967 lack of economic opportunity and other pressures had created a steady flow of population to the East Bank, thus "Palestinizing" Jordan. To burden the 700,000 residents of the West Bank with an influx of over one million Palestinians from Syria, Lebanon, and elsewhere may not be beyond the realm of possibility, but it is certainly beyond the realm of reason.

It is argued that so weak a West Bank state would pose no security threat to Israel. But military analysts are quick to disagree. Any West Bank state would make a dandy base for terrorist activity, and the internal weaknesses and divisions of the PLO would make control of provocateurs difficult even if the will to suppress were present. Nearly all of Israel would fall within artillery range of the new state's territory, and nearly all of Israel's air fields would be within range of

SUMMER SCHEDULE:
We will omit an issue
on August 27 (next week).

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the surface-to-air missiles that proved their effectiveness in 1973. Even if such a state had no significant regular forces of its own (how would anyone keep it to that promise?), it could enable a regular Arab army to move from east of the Jordan to within 10 to 15 miles of the Mediterranean in three hours or less—far less time than it would take Israel to mobilize. An Arab armored column could then cut Israel in no less than an hour, on any one of 50 available roads.

It is often claimed that modern military technology has reduced the military significance of the West Bank. With longer-range SCUD missiles already covering Israel from Egypt and Syria, it is argued, what difference does the West Bank make? But the total firepower of all SCUD missiles deployed in Egypt and Syria is less than that of a single sortie by a fraction of the Israeli Air Force. Nor can their efficacy be compared to that of artillery or surface-to-air missiles deployed within range of Israel's population centers. Even more to the point, wars are not fought and decided by missile exchanges, but by the admittedly old-fashioned clash of arms and territorial conquest. So modern military technology makes Israel not less but more vulnerable to attack from the West Bank, which commands that narrow strip of Israeli territory that contains three-quarters of the country's population and half its industry. No Israeli government in touch with reality will relinquish control of the area to any group except one considerably more stable and benign than the PLO.

Finally, though the proposition may seem simple-minded, it seems no more just to impose PLO rule on native West Bank residents than it was to impose the rule of Nationalist Chinese refugees on native Taiwanese. To be sure, West Bank leaders currently proclaim their support of the PLO, as an anti-Israel gesture and in conformity to Arab fashion. But at the same time they declare their acceptance of permanent coexistence with the state of Israel—reflecting their own situation as a non-displaced, non-refugee population. The emergence last year of a new, assertive, West Bank leadership may in the end undermine, rather than, strengthen, identification with the PLO.

While the PLO has been admirably honest about what problems a West Bank state will and will not solve, the positions of key Arab states are more complicated. Ostensibly, Egypt, Syria and Jordan see a West Bank state as part of a final settlement; Israel would continue to exist in its pre-1967 borders. Yet they must also recognize the claims of the 1948 refugees. Assad of Syria, for example, says that a West Bank Palestinian state "could not accomodate all the Palestinians. This leads us to the second part of the Palestinian problem, namely the refugee problem. These refugees . . . have a right to return to the land from which they were driven in 1948."

Even the more moderate Arab governments hedge their acceptance of Israel in two ways. In the first place, they demand not only total withdrawal from the 1967 occupations but also "restoration of the rights of the Palestinians"—which in practice is left to the PLO to define. That's the rub in Carter's sudden discovery of PLO moderation on Resolution 242. Secondly, like Assad, other Arab leaders make clear that establishment of a West Bank Palestinian state in no way substitutes for the right of 1948 refugees to return to their original homes—inside Israel. Arab acceptance of the *Western* conception of a West Bank state (as final satisfaction of Palestinian demands) is, therefore, far from complete. In the meantime, it provides a convenient balance beam on which a sure-footed Arab leader can appear to support the PLO and accommodate himself to US peace initiatives at the same time.

The relevance of a third state depends on whose "homeland" is at issue. Most Palestinians are not refugees, and most at present reside in the Palestinian "homeland," including the East Bank.

The settled population of the West Bank, comprising 15 to 20 percent of all Palestinians, is one of the four major Palestinian constituencies. The others are West Bankers resettled on the East Bank, East Bankers, and the 1948 refugees. By any reasonable rule of self-determination, West Bank residents should have a great deal to say about the future of the West Bank. Assuming the end of Israeli control of Arab-inhabited areas, and allowing for whatever arrangements are made for Israeli security, the options are reduced fairly quickly to West Bank independence at one extreme, full reintegration into Jordan at the other, and a spectrum of possibilities in between: autonomy, confederation, federal schemes of various sorts. Stripped of the PLO connection, in other words, the issue becomes nothing more than the future linkage between West and East Banks.

This kind of independent or autonomous West Bank would be only part of a solution to the Arab-Israel conflict. There would remain the question of the 1948 refugees. In Arab capitals it is frequently said flatly and openly that most of the 1948 refugees, if given the "right" to return, would remain where they are.

Even in this limited context there is a strong case for linkage. The West and East Banks are driven together by circumstances. The economic complementarity of the two areas, which Israel has allowed full play, would force close economic ties if not full economic integration. Demographically, the case is even stronger; with more than one million former West Bankers in Jordan, most families are split between the two banks. Finally, there is the compelling fact that the West Bank's only non-Israeli border is with Jordan.

Since the Rabat decision anointing the PLO as custodian of the West Bank, Jordanian officials have tended to be coy on the issue of reunification. They remind visitors that Jordan is doing quite well economically without the West Bank, and there is even some feeling that the West Bank is more of a liability

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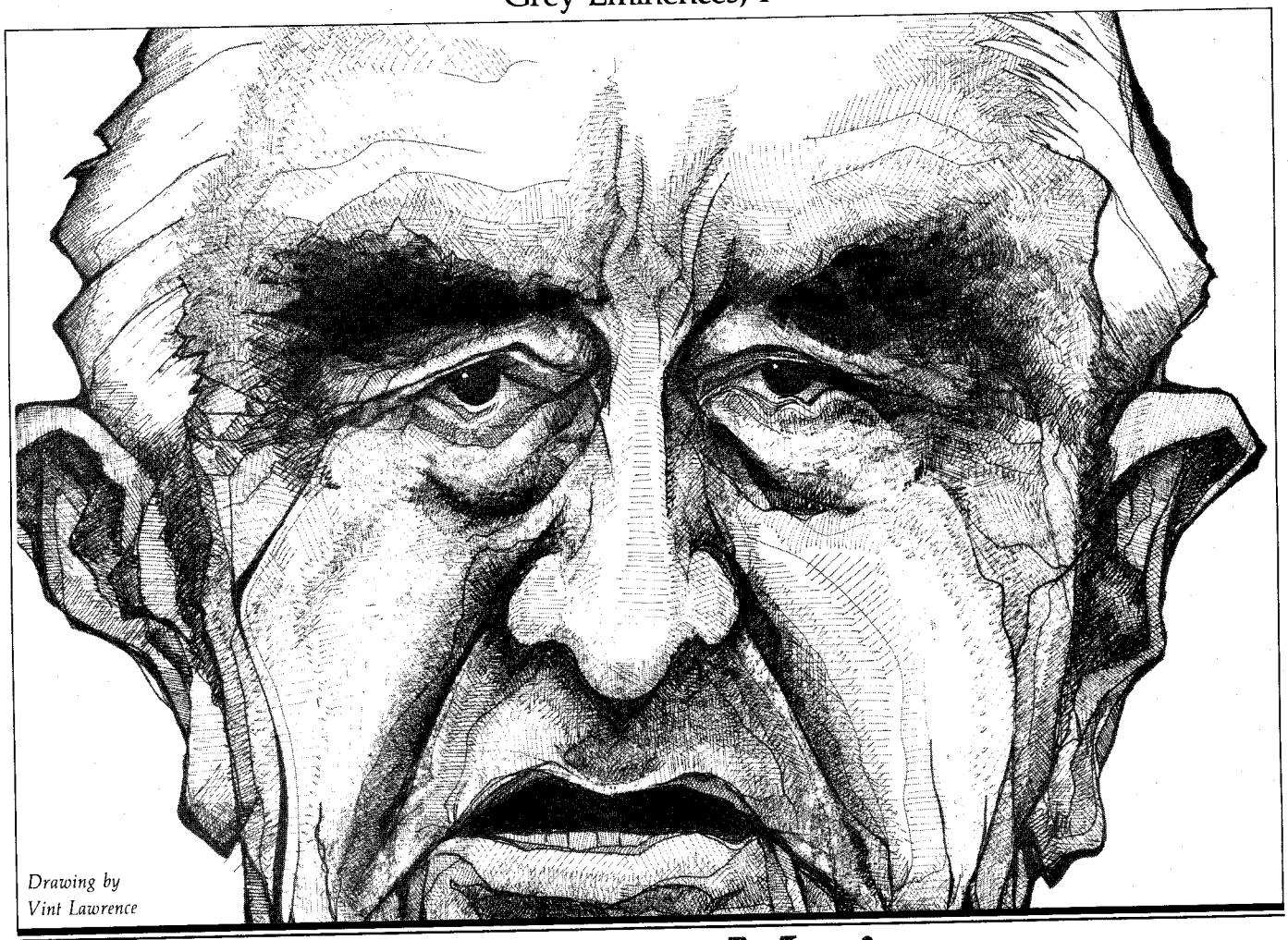
than an asset for the survival of the Hashemite regime. Nevertheless, the Jordanians make every effort to maintain their influence. They pay salaries to West Bank officials; and contacts are assiduously maintained, even with the new "radical" leadership.

The kind and degree of linkage between the two banks of the Jordan is something to be decided, in due time, by the populations concerned. For this elemental right to be exercised, the world at large must rid itself of the notion that a PLO state on the West Bank has anything to do with resolution of the Arab-Israel conflict or with the right of self-determination.

Grey Eminences, I



Drawing by Vint Lawrence

The Ancient Mariner

by John Taft

Back in 1969, during his speech against the news media, Spiro Agnew digressed for a few moments to identify a liberal whom he particularly resented: "A word about Mr. Harriman. For 10 months he was America's chief negotiator at the Paris peace talks—a period in which the United States swapped some of the greatest military concessions in the history of warfare for an enemy agreement on the shape of the bargaining table. Like Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, Mr. Harriman seems to be under some heavy compulsion to justify his failure to anyone who will listen." Fatuous remarks may include a grain of truth. Speaking his mind to Americans has been a 40-year compulsion for Averell Harriman. Very often what he has to say is unpleasant to the listener, and almost as often it is correct.

Harriman sustained an unusual disadvantage and an inauspicious start in life. An heir to $70 million, he

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stayed home during World War I on the ground that, at age 25, he would be more useful running his shipyards than fighting the Germans. But yet he proved a mediocre businessman. When he entered New York politics, decades later, his opponents accused him of having bribed Tammany Hall and chisled stockholders in the 1930s. This was unfair, for by then young Averell had grown too public-spirited to add much to his father's fortune. Fearing the consequences of Republican isolationism, autarky, and war-debt policies, he voted for Al Smith in 1928. "What a thing it was," he later recalled, "to pull down the Democratic lever, to throw away the past! That was the wrench, that was the break." A bit melodramatic, perhaps—Harriman has little sense of humor and waxes solemn and earnest even about trivial matters.

He first entered government service under the New Deal, when he worked for the NRA as one of Harry Hopkins's favorite tame businessmen. But it was as wartime ambassador to Moscow and then London that Harriman found his *métier*. Asked by Roosevelt to expedite Lend-Lease shipments, he covered war-torn England, North Africa, and Asia at personal risk for more than three years—in penance, it was said, for his behavior in 1917. He functioned as the main link between Churchill and the White House; he spoke with Stalin more often than any other westerner. Perhaps his privileged background was what enabled him to mediate among the Big Three with such rare self-assurance and effectiveness, usually ignoring the State Department in the process. Eventually he met almost every foreign potentate involved in the hostilities except Hitler. While in Moscow, Harriman also consorted with nonentities like Kosygin, Gomulka, and Tito, to whom he could speak as an old comrade when they rose to power later on.

The Soviet bloc, Harriman decided, might eventually reform itself, but direct western pressure would have little positive impact. Harriman found himself two steps ahead of America at the end of the war, when he warned his compatriots of two dangers: that of the Soviet Union, and that of overreacting to the Soviet Union. In effect, he adopted the containment theory of George Kennan, an assistant in Moscow, and shared Kennan's reservations about it. The Communists could not remain unified, our opposition must be flexible, we must always be ready to compromise with them. Despite political pressures during the Truman era which sometimes prevented Harriman from following his better judgment, he generally fulfilled his duties in the Marshall Plan and NATO with these principles in mind.

Diplomatic power, plus his fame throughout Georgetown, led Harriman to the sad misconception that he had a future in national politics. He soon discovered that he was no good at running a campaign. In 1952, he sought the presidency on an advanced liberal platform and ran a poor fourth at the Democratic convention; two years later, Tammany Hall got him narrowly elected to the governorship of New York. Though he initiated some successful social welfare legislation, Governor Harriman was fidgety and spent much of his term running for President again. Somehow his speeches, so clear and sensible in print, continued to fall flat in the delivery. Desperately ambitious, Harriman attempted to outdo Adlai Stevenson in cold-war rhetoric, even attacking Eisenhower for his tolerant comments on third world neutrality. By 1958, he had failed in presidential politics and was painfully dominated by Tammany Hall in New York. He tried a new tactic to get re-elected. "People don't vote on issues," one of his advisers boasted, "they vote on the 'feel' of a guy, on the way he seems to be going, and our guy is a *man*. That's the way we're running him." The people did as his adviser predicted, electing Nelson Rockefeller over Harriman by a catastrophic margin. And the New York Democratic party remained in a shambles for the next 15 years.

It sometimes takes a man a while to accept his vocation. After his electoral defeat, Harriman often was seen walking up and down Fifth Avenue in the hope that passers by would recognize him and say hello. He also dabbled briefly in freelance journalism, going on fact-finding tours of Russia and Africa, until the newly-elected President Kennedy took pity and made him an Ambassador at Large. Now 69 years old, he moved back to Georgetown and settled down to diplomacy for good.

The 1960s were Harriman's heyday, and they began well. An encounter in New Delhi with the Laotian neutralist Prince Souvanna Phouma made Harriman decide to take charge of the Laotian peace talks. He managed through frantic traveling and patient negotiation to de-escalate the Laotian civil war—outraging conservatives and pleasing Kennedy, who preferred to make his military stand in South Vietnam. Kennedy elevated Harriman to head the Far East desk of the State Department. Though he promoted Kennedy's Green Beret program and remained "satisfied that the Vietnamese people have the courage and determination to win the fight against the Viet Cong, the Communists," by 1963 he was deeply suspicious of the Saigon leadership. This distrust, and his objection to using US regulars, constituted the main themes in his long but limited opposition to the war.

The test ban negotiations brought Harriman to the summit of New Frontier fame and fashionability. Knowing Russia's affection for "Gospodin Garriman," Kennedy sent him to Moscow and obtained a treaty after only two weeks of discussion. For that virtuoso turn, Harriman was denounced by Bill Buckley and literally serenaded by his Georgetown neighbors. However, social success takes its revenge. His continuing association with the Kennedy set angered President Johnson; Dean Rusk was already irritated by

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his Indochina policies. Demoted to relative obscurity, he remained there until Johnson decided to make diplomatic contact with Hanoi and asked Harriman, now 76 and quite deaf, to organize the peace effort. "Why is it," someone asked, "that the Administration picks the deafest man in Washington to listen for the signals from Hanoi?" George Ball answered, "Because he has extrasensory perception."

Harriman insisted later that his main problem at the peace talks was not Hanoi, but President Thieu. North Vietnam proved reasonable, removing troops as a peace initiative, while Thieu opposed a bombing halt and refused to compromise back in Paris. Harriman, therefore, could not make diplomatic progress until it was too late to prevent Nixon's victory. This scenario has been hotly disputed, and Harriman at any rate did not publicize it until after Nixon was inaugurated, when he began to attack the new President for "exerting maximum pressure" on the Viet Cong. Harriman waited until he and his party were out of power to criticize what he saw as excessive American rigidity. But he cannot be accused of bad faith: his vision always has been clearer in analysing the faults of the other party.

Harriman's few weaknesses as a diplomat can be traced to his intense partisan loyalty: whereas John Foster Dulles was practically a scoundrel, John F. Kennedy could do no wrong in Harriman's eyes. Dulles, he suggested in 1970, bore a greater responsibility for the Vietnam fiasco than Kennedy did—and Kennedy "would never have become as heavily committed as we have" since 1963.

Harriman exemplifies the Democratic internationalists of the Truman era who later turned against globalism. Naturally, he has won numerous enemies along the way. His personal, commonsense approach to diplomacy has often produced sounder predictions, and better results, than precious cleverness and expertise. He does not look for patterns where there are none; he eschews broad concepts and generalizations, concentrating on one problem at a time. His deafness notwithstanding, he learns less from what he reads than from what he hears. And this amounts to a lot, since he has known in his time nearly everybody. Harriman's very ignorance of foreign languages has helped him in negotiation. Long pauses for translation provide an opportunity to assess the conversational trend and prepare a careful reply. For all his shortcomings, it is hard to find a serious failure among his diplomatic enterprises. And we tend to take his successes for granted.

If Harriman has expertise in any area, it is the Soviet Union. His training began in 1926 with a trip to Moscow to discuss mining concessions with Leon Trotsky. It continued after World War II with numerous visits, official and unofficial, to converse with Khrushchev, Kosygin, Brezhnev, and hundreds of ordinary Russians. He has generally urged a softer line towards them, pushing economic and cultural contacts and, since the 1950s, stressing arms limitation as our most likely point of agreement. In the era of SALT he must certainly feel vindicated. Nevertheless, it is hard in 1977 not to sense a naivete in Harriman's view of the Soviet Union. He seems to put great trust in Brezhnev. He has long, too long, prophesied a Kremlin switch from ideological-military to domestic-economic concerns. Such faith, like his belief in foreign aid, may spring from a perception that there is so little we can do to improve things that pessimism would completely paralyze us. An astute critic once observed that "Mr. Harriman is an aristocrat and a pessimist—the kind of pessimist who thinks of himself as an optimist and keeps on trying."

He did not stop trying when he lost his job in 1969. His contemporaries, most of whom had expired, could no longer warn him that he was working himself to an early death. Still handsome and healthy, he occupied himself by writing articles, testifying before Congress, attending charity and political dinners, giving speeches, and receiving prizes. His wife's Georgetown salon kept him abreast of the Washington chit-chat while he plunged back into New York politics to help clean up the mess he made 12 years before. Alas, his participation had little effect.

It is often said that in old age one returns to babyhood. In Harriman's case it was a return to adolescence, especially the sentimental 1960s style of adolescence. For an 80-year-old tightwad, he did stay remarkably in touch with the age, growing rakish sideburns, marrying for a third time, attending war protests, moratoriums, teach-ins. After the Cambodia invasion the FBI put his house under surveillance and Agnew denounced him once again, doubtless adding five years to Harriman's life.

A lover of travel for its own sake, he made three trips to Russia in the 1970s, once with Senator Muskie to drum up support for his presidential candidacy. Never so comfortable with McGovern, Harriman also seemed leery of Carter at first. In fact, there was talk at one of his parties, which got into the newspapers, of trying to stop the Carter bandwagon. Happily, the matter was overlooked. He returned to Moscow last autumn, this time as a Carter consultant, to tell Brezhnev not to worry about the anti-Soviet campaign rhetoric—though "I'm not sure I was able to persuade him that everything that was said was of no importance." He also advised Carter not to expect a Russian invasion of Yugosalvia, which Carter used to justify his stand against sending US troops to that country. As if to resolve any lingering doubt, Harriman received an 85th birthday message which read: "Personal congratulations on your birthday, sorry I can't be with you and your friends for lunch. Best wishes to a great American and one for whom I have the deepest respect. Jimmy."

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The Quebecois aren't the only Canadians feeling itchy these days.

An Obsession With Unity

by Anthony Astrachan

Since the province of Quebec elected a separatist government last November, national unity has become Canada's newest obsession. Canada faces other serious problems that have been obscured by the Quebec crisis. In fact Canada, which seemed like a peaceable kingdom when the United States was going through the riots of the '60s, the Vietnam war and Watergate, is in trouble.

There is the century-old alienation of western Canada from the political and financial centers in the East, for instance. There is an economic morass caused by long-standing structural problems along with delayed passage through the recent world recession; inflation and unemployment are even more intractable in Canada than they are in the United States. There are new revelations that the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, like the FBI, have used illegal methods against political dissidents.

There is a leadership vacuum concealed by the dominant personality of Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau. Direct and ambiguous, charming and abrasive, intelligent but uncomprehending of those who differ from him, Trudeau has been in office nine years. Despite widespread dissatisfaction with the status quo Trudeau is almost certain of reelection in a vote expected next spring. Neither the opposition Conservatives nor his own Liberals offer a credible alternative, and both English Canadians and Quebec federalists see him as the savior of national unity.

The Quebec crisis overshadows all other problems. Pessimists fear it will end in the balkanization of Canada. The prevailing view is different, but not starkly optimistic: the country will muddle through and confederation will survive in some new shape. The muddling-through process probably will produce a new constitution enshrining equality of the English and French languages, and giving more authority to the ten provinces, already by themselves vastly more powerful than American states' governments. The hope is that this will give Quebec the control it wants to have over its own destiny without having to leave the Canadian federation.

Trudeau is an ardent believer in linguistic equality. His new language policy emphasizes teaching French to English Canadians and more French schools in the English-speaking provinces. Trudeau is deemphasizing his old program to make the federal civil service bilingual, which achieved more irritation than harmony by forcing anglophone functionaries to learn French in middle age, while bilingual francophones moved in and up with disconcerting speed. Trudeau has appealed to English Canadians for "genuine acceptance of a newly dynamic, competitive and self-assertive French community, centered on but not confined to Quebec."

The trouble is that the Quebec government and a large proportion of its people no longer care much about conversations with, or acceptance by, English Canadians. Claude Morin, the Quebec minister for intergovernmental relations, said the new Trudeau language policy would have been welcome in 1935 and the popular proposals for constitutional change would have been satisfactory a decade ago. But what the Quebecois want now is to wrest control of the provincial economy from the English speakers who run the large corporations and hold most jobs paying more than $10,000 a year even though they are only 20 percent of the provincial population. The Quebecois want to be truly *maitres chez nous*, "masters in our own house." That longing is shared even by many Quebecois who do not agree with the provincial government's view that independence is the only way to realize it.

Trudeau has shown almost no understanding of his native province's desire to run its own show. In the 1950s, he was one of the leaders in the fight to reform and modernize what was then an underdeveloped society. But he did not join the Liberal provincial government that took over in 1960 and enacted many of the reforms he had demanded. He did not take part in the cultural revolution, the flowering of the press, literature, films, theater, the arts that accompanied the reforms, because he hated what he saw as the narrow nationalism on which it was based. Instead, Trudeau went to Ottawa, joined the federal government and became Prime Minister in 1968.

Trudeau does not believe in more power for the provinces. At heart, he is a devout centralizer who deplores the way Canada has already dispersed power more widely than any federation in the world, with the possible exception of Switzerland. As Prime Minister, he has successfully asserted central power against the provinces on vital matters like oil prices and taxes. Associates say it pained him to move in the other direction and increase the provinces' powers in areas like health and higher education, but he did it for political advantage.

The Prime Minister has spoken of the need for constitutional change. But the only change he actually

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has endorsed is "patriating" the constitution, now embodied in the British North America Act of 1867. The provincial premiers are leery lest the process of bringing the constitution home strip them of any of their vast powers, including control over natural resources like oil in Alberta and the forests of British Columbia. Most of the premiers want agreement on constitutional change before Canada asks the British Parliament to act—changes giving the provinces even more powers, and some form of veto over amendments.

The Quebecois aren't the only ones eager for more power for the provinces. Premiers William Bennett of British Columbia and Peter Lougheed of Alberta say it will also help solve the problem of western alienation. More powerful provinces may find it easier to change an economic system designed to benefit the old center of Canada, Ontario and Montreal, at the expense of the West. The economic system is as centralized as the political system is decentralized.

There have been small shifts already, like the establishment of one federally chartered bank in British Columbia and two in Alberta. But discontent goes back to the day in 1865 when Sir John A. MacDonald, the father of confederation, said that the prairies had no value other than to keep the United States from expanding northward. MacDonald's protectionist policies produced a railway rate structure that made it cheap to ship manufactured goods to or from the prairies. The westerners' old complaint, "20 percent more for everything we buy and 20 percent less for everything we sell," still is valid after 60 years.

Westerners also want a change in what they see as either ignorance of or disdain for the West in Ottawa and Toronto. They want appointments to bodies like the Canadian Senate and the Supreme Court more nearly in proportion to their share of the population, and they want a provincial say in those appointments.

If the Westerners don't get what they want, and if Quebec declares itself independent, there will probably be an upsurge in western separatism and the urge to join the United States, two ideas now confined to what the western establishment considers the lunatic fringe. The four small, poor Atlantic provinces might also look south if an independent Quebec cut them off from the rest of English-speaking Canada.

So everything comes back down to the problem of Quebec. To the Quebecois, the election of a separatist government last November was just one more step in a North American cultural revolution, the transformation of their province from an underdeveloped society 20 years ago to a modern society today. The transformation gave birth to a nationalist pride based on Quebec's unique version of French language and culture. The November election was a step toward making French the language of real power as well as pride, whether or not Quebec ever separates from Canada.

This Quebecois view grows out of a sense of history, just like the American civil rights movement. For two centuries after the British conquest, most French Canadians provided cheap labor for English-Canadian and American corporations, and right-wing demagogues controlled their politics.

That started to change after World War II. Miners staged violent strikes and dissident intellectuals started the magazine *Cite Libre* to "unclench the crisis of political consciousness." One of the intellectuals was Pierre Elliott Trudeau. But when a Liberal government was elected in 1960 and started what was called *la revolution tranquille*, the quiet revolution, Trudeau was not part of it.

The transformation gathered momentum when the government won a new election in 1962 on the issue of nationalizing the electric power companies into a single utility, with the slogan *maitres chez nous*. The combined staff of the new utility, Hydro Quebec, was 85 percent English-speaking in 1961 and 90 percent French-speaking in 1967. The cabinet minister who presided over the birth of Hydro Quebec was a former journalist named Rene Levesque.

The province established a universal pension plan that triggered the modernization of social security for all of Canada. It made secondary education universal, set up new junior colleges and expanded university enrollment. French-language radio and television spread. Novelists, poets, dramatists, film-makers, songwriters, comedians began to celebrate both the new freedom and the bad old days that gave birth to it. Catholic reformers and the birth-control pill liberalized the church in Quebec, broke its control of behavior and lowered the birth rate. All these processes started to bring rural and urban Quebec into a single culture for the first time, a culture that was strong because the society was small and close-knit, five million French speakers on a continent of 220 million English speakers.

The Liberals were defeated in 1966 by the Union Nationale, and many members of the defeated government came to feel that independence was implicit in the idea of being "masters in our own house." They joined Levesque in the party he built on older separatist movements—the middle-class, social-democratic Parti Quebecois—which lost two elections to the no longer revolutionary Liberals before winning on the third try last November.

In the October crisis of 1970, one terrorist group kidnapped a British diplomat and another kidnapped a Quebec cabinet minister and then murdered him. Trudeau sent troops into his native Montreal and police arrested nearly 500 people. Almost none ever were prosecuted. Today, voters seem to have forgotten the October crisis, but Ann Charney, a Montreal writer, says the terror had a double importance: it made the separatism of the Parti Quebecois seem respectable by comparison, and it dramatized for English Canadians

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the seriousness and even the competence of dissatisfied Quebecois.

The Levesque government certainly is respectable, serious and competent. It is widely acknowledged to be the most intelligent and best educated ever assembled in Canada. That intelligence was shaped primarily outside of Canada. Levesque, for instance, worked in the United States and Britain during the war. He is neither French nor Canadian but North American in his weary, chain-smoking informality and a magnetism that shares something with Bobby Kennedy and something with Jimmy Carter. Jacques-Yvan Morin, the deputy premier and education minister, is an international lawyer who studied at Harvard and Cambridge and taught at the University of Paris. Other ministers studied at Boston University, Columbia, MIT, Pennsylvania and the London School of Economics. Several also studied or worked in Paris, Geneva and Rome.

The voters knew that Levesque was dedicated to independence. But he campaigned against the corruption and inefficiency of the incumbent Liberals, not for sovereignty, and the polls show that no more than 40 percent of Quebeckers now favor "sovereignty with association." Levesque accordingly pledged to hold a referendum on independence during his first term. He will not hold it until after the next federal election passes judgment on his antagonist, Trudeau, which probably means not before the fall of 1978. He has made plain that if he loses the first time, he will hold a second and if necessary a third referendum. (Newfoundland had to hold two before deciding to join Canada.)

Meanwhile, Levesque is concentrating on two measures that he thinks will help build a referendum majority. The first is taking control of the provincial economy away from the English-speaking minority. The second is persuading the people to identify with those in power; the Quebecois used to speak habitually, as the Russians still do, of themselves as "we" and the rulers as "they."

The first bill the government introduced into the provincial legislature (which is named the National Assembly) was one to make French the official language of government, courts, and—most important of all—the workplace. English is now theoretically equal in law and dominates work and business. The bill has gone through committee hearings and will be passed this summer. The law will penalize any business with more than 50 employees that does not use French as the language of work by 1983, and will restrict admission to Quebec's English-language public schools to children with at least one parent who went to an English school in Quebec. The latter provision is intended to compel immigrant children to go to French schools but would operate against families arriving in Quebec from other parts of Canada; the government is offering to trade off exceptions with other provinces which agree to provide French schools for Quebecois who migrate.

The legislation arouses loathing among Quebec's English speakers, who see their neighborhoods in Montreal and a handful of smaller cities and towns as an anglophone archipelago scattered across Quebec, pounded from every side by waves of French speakers. In the 1971 census, there were 4.9 million people in Quebec whose mother tongue was French; 788,000 whose mother tongue was English, and 371,000 who spoke other languages first, most of them first-generation immigrants.

Many aspects of the law threaten American notions of minority rights, and the legislation has already been amended to provide for the right to appeal decisions of the Office of the French Language, which will administer the law, and to remove a provision that exempted the law from safeguards in the province's human rights charter.

The basic reason for the law is economics. In large corporations headquartered in Montreal, for instance, there are three English speakers who earn $10,000 to $15,00 a year for every French speaker at that salary level. The proportions of anglophones rises with the salary level. Of the 104 largest corporations in the province, 43 had no French Canadians in senior management last year.

The Levesque government has passed fewer laws than expected in its first seven months, particularly in areas of social justice where the party had demanded action while in opposition. Furthermore, it has followed conservative economic policies to maintain Quebec's international credit, which the party's supporters find hard to identify with. Levesque inherited a 10 percent unemployment rate, a one-billion-dollar debt, and the problem of financing the $16 billion James Bay hydroelectric project inherited from his predecessor Robert Bourassa, who happened to be a professional economist. The first PQ budget did little for unemployment but a lot for the debt, holding increases in government spending to 12.5 percent and reducing borrowing by the government and public corporations. Moody's and Standard and Poor responded by maintaining their highest ratings for Quebec bonds. Standard and Poor said the risk to bondholders because of the independence issue had been "greatly exaggerated." Alcan, General Motors and Johns Manville went ahead with previously planned multi-million dollar investments. Johns Manville must have received some reassurances about earlier talk of nationalizing the asbestos industry.

Levesque presumably intends such compromises to keep the road to independence clear. But many people on both sides hope they also keep alive the possibility that Quebec and Canada will be able to find a way to assure genuine autonomy to the former without breaking up the latter.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Watching on the Rhine

Accursed Germany. All nations are self-contradictory, but Germany takes it furthest. In the last two centuries, has any other people displayed more self-contradiction—by any measure of intellectual-artistic good or history-shattering evil?

The schism doesn't dwindle. A two-and-a-half hour documentary about Hitler has just been seen in three weeks by 100,000 Germans (*New York Times*, July 31). And any question about *how* it's being viewed can be posed against a report by John Frazer (*New Statesman*, July 8) on the boom in war nostalgia in Germany—widely popular books and magazines about World War II that emphasize heroism and victories, that omit only such details as the result of the war. "The impression conveyed is that the war was a jolly schoolboy jape, in which nothing incorrect happened, and which in reality a Germany of 1914 vintage won gallantly." One journal tells its readers "how the death of six million Jews was a concocted swindle." Says Frazer: "Two LPs of Hitler's speeches are currently in the charts."

Yet from this same country—to speak only of film, to ignore outstanding work in theater and poetry and fiction—comes the New German Cinema. The quick explanation of the contradiction is that abrasion produces art: if the society weren't so enraging, the best people in it would not react against it to the depths of their beings. Well, I'm sure there is no art in paradise; still, why don't other enraging countries—no shortage of them—produce comparable films? Something in the German fabric is as extraordinarily gifted as something else in it is extraordinarily malevolent. The fact is that at the moment (conceding that the film moment is shorter than most other moments) Germany is producing the most interesting films on view in the US. So the ingrained German national self-contradiction continues.

There are at least two reasons for the current German flowering in film. First, a postwar generation is maturing. When I first visited (West) Germany in 1967 and asked why German film production had been so poor for the previous 20 years, I was told everywhere that a great many of the best film people before Hitler had been Jews who had fled or been incinerated and that many of the good film people who remained were politically tainted. When the Allies took over supervision of the film studios in the Occupation, the chief qualification for employment was an anti-Nazi record, so many a bookkeeper whose politics were admirable was put in a position for which he lacked the talent. I was also assured that a generation of promise was on the way. The promise is now being kept, in good part.

The second reason is negative. Economic troubles, which have hit other filmmaking countries and made them concentrate production on the supposedly surefire, have reached Germany more slowly. The troubles are now there. The prolific R. W. Fassbinder has announced that he is going to leave Germany and move to the US. He says he feels that Germany has grown provincial, but a careful reading of the report lets one surmise that, after his first big budget film for foreign producers, he has tasted big money and likes it. In any event German conditions up to now allowed him to work as prodigiously as he did; otherwise his record would have been impossible, whatever his abilities. And possibly the straitening of those economic conditions has influenced his new view of Germany as provincial. He has had difficulties lately because of some alleged anti-Semitic elements in his work (another contradiction!), but anyone who has sampled his 30 films can hardly think that they were made in a restrictive society. And will Hollywood, in general, be less restrictive? Or as flexible in production methods—since there is no likelihood of low budget films and certainly no state subsidy? (How many potential Fassbinders in the US who would have been happy with German conditions of the past decade—low production costs and some state subsidy?)

The recent flood of German films, as I've said before, is mostly a backlog from the last decade, but some of them are recent. Alexander Kluge's *Strongman Ferdinand* (New Line), just arrived, was made in 1976.

It's precisely about the self-contradiction noted above. Out of the very country that is altering and gilding the facts of World War II comes a satire on the persistent Nazi mentality. Kluge is a novelist who has also been making films for a dozen years (*Yesterday Girl*, for instance). Here he has written and directed a satire about a police detective who is chafed by constitutional process, by the need to arrest criminals for acts rather than intents. Ferdinand leaves the police to become security chief for an immense factory, trains a small force, and gets into similar trouble because he just can't help pushing too far. The state/corporation wants iron protection but wants it invisible.

Ferdinand is played by Heinz Schu-

Films Worth Seeing

Annie Hall. Woody Allen's best, and pretty good. He rollicks among his neuroses with more deftness—as writer, director, and performer—than before.

The Best Way. A struggle between two counselors in a summer camp to find out which of them is more male. French and fairly delicate.

High Street. Annie Cordy as a Brussels woman driven mad by the Germans' murder of her husband and child. A wonderful performance in a weakish film.

We're Not the Jet Set. Robert Duvall—yes, the same one—directed this documentary about a big Nebraska family on a big farm. Salty and alive.

SK

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bert, reportedly a popular comedian. It's hard to see why. He is supposed to be a straightfaced comic but is merely straightfaced. Kluge has a pretty good post-modernist eye and a disregard for editing convention that is sometimes enlivening, but he has no sense of humor. This is something of a drawback in comedy. One neither laughs silently nor overtly at the heavy comic mechanisms, like Ferdinand's spying on a superior and misinterpreting what he sees. The result is a charter of intent, rather than a good picture.

It made me think, however, of an excellent German cabaret that I saw last spring. The Schiller Theater, which performed *Waiting for Godot* for the Berlin Now festival in New York, also did a few performances (at LaMama) of a production from their cabaret theater, staged by the marvelous Stefan Wigger, the Didi of *Godot,* who was also in the cabaret. The show was called *Haus Vaterland;* the material was by Tucholsky and Ossietzky and Brecht and others—all of it written in the 1920s and much of it violently anti-Nazi! So, one may infer, the appearance of a picture like *Strongman Ferdinand* isn't much of a bulwark against the threats it satirizes.

The gifted Werner Herzog also works out of social views. His latest film *Stroszek* (New Yorker) continues one of his favorite themes: craziness in and of our world. His second feature *Even Dwarfs Started Small* (1970) was about a revolt by dwarfs in an institution against the tyrannical director of the place, also a dwarf. The film was something like Vigo's *Zéro de conduite* remade by Buñuel on a particularly manic day. *Aguirre, The Wrath of God* was about political madness in the *conquistadores. The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser* was about a 19th-century youth malformed from birth by the power drives of others and finally murdered by them. Stroszek is a young man, not quite competent mentally, who is battered by today's Germany and who emigrates to the US with two other battered people—a young whore and a very old man—looking for refuge with the old man's American nephew in Wisconsin.

The picture splits in more than setting. The German half is a broodingly taut, if somewhat trite account of the bullying of the helpless Stroszek by two burly pimps because he has befriended their abused whore. Herzog handles this section easily, taciturnly. But strain runs through the American section. The ease is gone, and what we get is a collection of grotesque souvenirs. As with Wim Wenders' *Alice in the Cities,* the tourist's notebook is figuratively out, for crudeness and rudeness. It's the *Zabriskie Point* fallacy all over again.

Also, in the American section Herzog relies a lot on improvisation and "stolen" footage, and much of it is clumsy. Worst, he manufactures the debacle at the end. Everything seems to be going OK in Wisconsin, then suddenly—just because Herzog needs it—everything goes wrong. He ends with very heavy symbolism: Stroszek circling aimlessly on a cable car while some conditioned chickens in an amusement arcade react repeatedly to repeated stimuli. This corn is far beneath the best of Herzog.

Stroszek has touches of that best. For instance, Stroszek, in middle distance, his back to us, watches his American trailer-home being hauled away in the background because payments are overdue. He is stationary: the house he has been living in simply slides laterally out of the frame. It's a Keaton touch.

And the cinematography by Herzog's usual team-mate Thomas Mauch is exceptional. (Mauch also did the Kluge film.) I think that Bruno S., the real-life ex-derelict who was Kaspar Hauser, has reached the end of his film usefulness; but Eva Mattes, who plays the whore, ranges past what she showed as the homicidal 14-year-old in Fassbinder's *Jail Bait.* This role doesn't have the emotional peaks of the Fassbinder film, but it calls for different colors, which Mattes supplies confidently.

So: well and less well, there are artists working in Germany. In that maddening country—with some people trying to glorify the unspeakable past, some trying to refashion it, some trying to make the future different, some trying to make the future like the past—artists continue as an agonized voice: German, hating Germany *because* they are German and want to change the residence of their being and their love. For the time being, prominent among these artists are the filmmakers, who, one may say, are uttering "Siegfried's Curse." That was the title of a cultural history of Germany from Nietzsche to Hesse published by Wayne Andrews in 1972. He took his title, not from Wagner but from Wagner's source, the 13th-century *Nibelungenlied.* The black Hagen murders Siegfried, and as the hero dies, he cries out: "You shall have cause to worry in the days to come. Believe me when I tell you that you have murdered yourself." The murdering, the prophesying, and the fulfilling keep on and on.

Barbara Adams

Isaac Kramnick discusses the radical urge of the father of conservatism

Drawing on Edmund Burke's recently published private correspondence, as well as his voluminous published writings and speeches, Isaac Kramnick conclusively shows that the real Burke was infinitely more complex—and far more interesting, in both human and historical terms—than his modern admirers would have us believe. Far from being a doctrinaire apologist dedicated to the *ancien regime*, Kramnick argues, Burke epitomized the love/hate ambivalence that the assertive bourgeoisie felt toward their aristocratic "betters."

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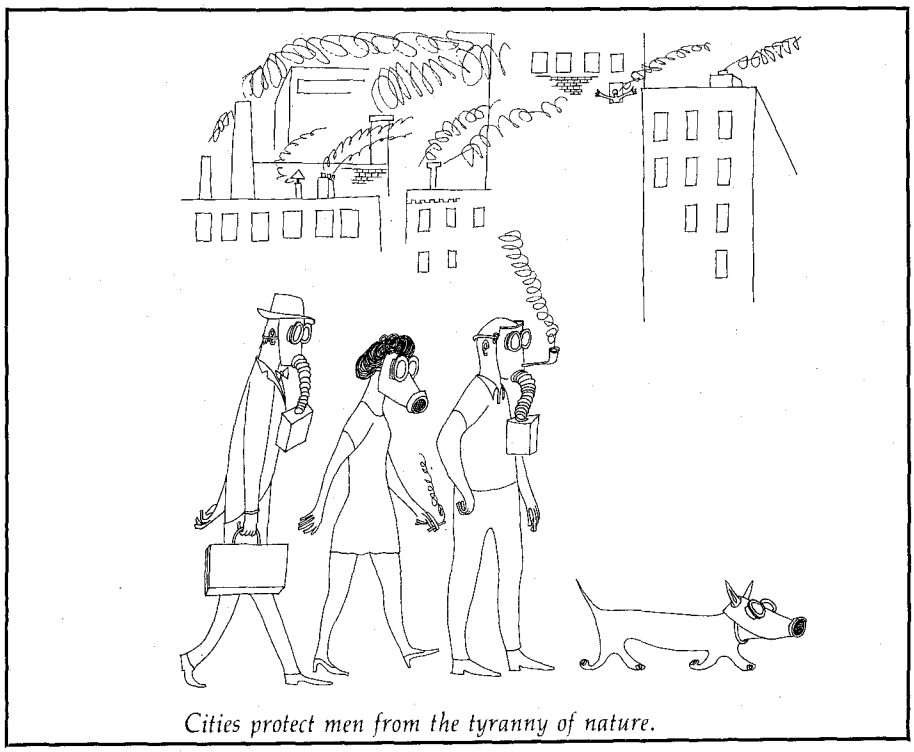
Wolf Von Eckardt on architecture

The Death of the Moderns (II)

The Moderns' great romance, their reckless technocratic fling, was with the skyscraper which had risen in the 1880s and 1890s in far-away Chicago and seemed sublimely unattainable to young, yearning architects in Berlin and Paris in the destitute aftermath of World War I. Le Corbusier invented his scheme for the skyscraping "*Ville Radieuse*" with all its human isolation and alienation, before he had ever seen, let alone lived in, a building more than six or eight stories high. Walter Gropius lent his talent and good name to the much disliked and urbanistically destructive Pan Am Building that blocks the sweeping view of New York's Park Avenue and clobbers the beautiful Grand Central Station tower only because, as he explained it to me, it was his one chance to design a skyscraper. Even Frank Lloyd Wright (whom I do not count as a member of the Modern movement I am here writing about) whose life-long inclination was to let his architecture hug the earth and to design with nature rather than against her, could not resist the temptation to draw his "Mile High Illinois." That was in 1956 and the monster was to have 528 stories, housing 100,000 employees of Chicago, Cook County, and the state of Illinois, as well as a landing pad for 75 helicopters. Wright's drawing itself was 22 feet high and beautifully done—with his tongue in his cheek, I should think.

The Modern movement, however, was deadly serious about its highrise obsession. It was its foremost article of faith that is only most recently beginning to be shaken. Developers, merchants, local politicians, and city planners all shared the belief: high buildings mean progress, the higher, the more progress. Nobody questioned what progress meant and what other values it might put in its shadow. The belief is mostly a myth. More often than not, highrise buildings make more money for their owners than low buildings, but they do so at the expense of the surrounding community, sucking up its vitality, demanding added services and causing congestion and poor distribution of wealth and amenities. They seal people in and recklessly waste energy. But around the world, town and country are littered with insipid, look-alike towers, the totem poles of our egocentric age. Did you see what they have done even to Jerusalem?

In Chicago and New York, we are now raising skyscrapers to urbicidal heights, adding nothing but disconcerting imbalance to once inspiring skylines, for no better purpose than the silly game of corporate one-upmanship—Hancock topping Prudential and Sears topping them all. It is expensive sport.



Cities protect men from the tyranny of nature.

Drawing by Forrest Wilson.

Social workers and doctors have long found highrise apartments unsuitable for families with children, particularly poor families who cannot afford outings. Highrise apartment projects breed anonymity; people are not apt to watch our for their neighbors' children. They lack social focal points, like the old village well, or at least the comfort of the street. Children too small to reach the elevator button cannot go spontaneously out to play. In addition, as Pruitt-Igoe has shown and as architect Oscar Newman has demonstrated in elaborate studies, highrise buildings, unless they are heavily protected by guards and doormen, suffer a much higher crime rate than low-rise buildings where only a few families share the same entrance. Newman found that in housing projects without expensive protection the incidence of muggings, burglary, rape and other crimes increases in direct proportion to the number of stories.

Having learned this lesson, the Greater London Council will build no more residences above four stories. Our own federal housing officials advise against them. And the demand for highrise apartments of all kinds, including well-defended luxury towers, has dropped 78 percent since 1972. This does not mean, as architects and planners often claim, that people will have to spread further out. With a little architectural ingenuity it is entirely possible to accomodate the same number of apartments per acre in three and four story walkups as in highrise elevator buildings. Low buildings, furthermore, are generally far less expensive to build than tall ones with their elevators and complex mechanical equipment.

The notion that ornament is crime is just as absurd as the notion that height is virtue and progress. It was invented by Adolf Loos, a Viennese architect and Modern pioneer, who got discouraged by all the limpid vegetation *der Jugendstil*, or *Art Nouveau*, ranked all over its buildings, furnishings, dresses and undress. He thought the style of Aubrey Beardsley decadent and railed against it in an essay entitled "Ornament and Crime," published in 1908.

It seems likely that Loos got the idea from Louis Sullivan, a grandfather of Modern architecture, whom Loos met on a trip to America, where he washed dishes and admired skyscrapers. In 1892, the year before Loos's visit, Sullivan had written that "it would be greatly for our aesthetic good, if we could refrain entirely from the use of ornament for a

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period of years, in order that our thought might concentrate acutely upon the production of buildings well formed and comely in the nude."

Sullivan's own buildings were, of course, well formed and comely. Nude they were not. Sullivan decorated his buildings with some of the richest, most intricate ornaments since the Persians.

Loos, however, had returned to the Vienna of Sigmund Freud and decided that ornament was undoubtedly of erotic origin. Consider the cross. When caveman first drew a horizontal line on the wall, Loos wrote, he meant to depict Woman. Then he drew a vertical line across and that showed Man penetrating her. Any questions?

Loos must also have read Karl Marx, because he further asserted that ornament "is a crime against the national economy . . . because it is wasted labor and hence wasted wealth." He deduced this from the fact that embroiderers and lacemakers were paid low wages. Ergo, he reasoned without compelling logic, the absence of ornament would mean "shorter working hours and consequently higher wages." The thrust of his argument was, however, that "lack of ornament is a sign of spiritual strength." That launched the age of architectural nudism.

No one, except perhaps exhibitionists, I submit, was happy with it. It was clearly a case of the emperor's clothes. Loos himself kept on adorning his buildings with moldings, decorative columns and paneling and only toward the end of his career did he stop this criminal conduct, with a few naked houses. He also recanted. "I never meant that decorations should be ruthlessly and systematically done away with . . . Only when time has made it disappear, can it ever be applied again, just as man will never go back to tattooing his face."

Won't he, Herr Loos? Tattooing is the rage again. People don't tattoo their faces yet, having mustaches and artificial eyelashes to resort to. But they do tattoo their chests, breasts, buttocks and other parts of their anatomy. And they do so no longer only with traditional nautical, erotic, and patriotic symbols, but with multi-colored, stylized images of new mystic cultism that is spreading across the country. You find the same monsters, dervishes and astrological signs airbrushed on cars and vans.

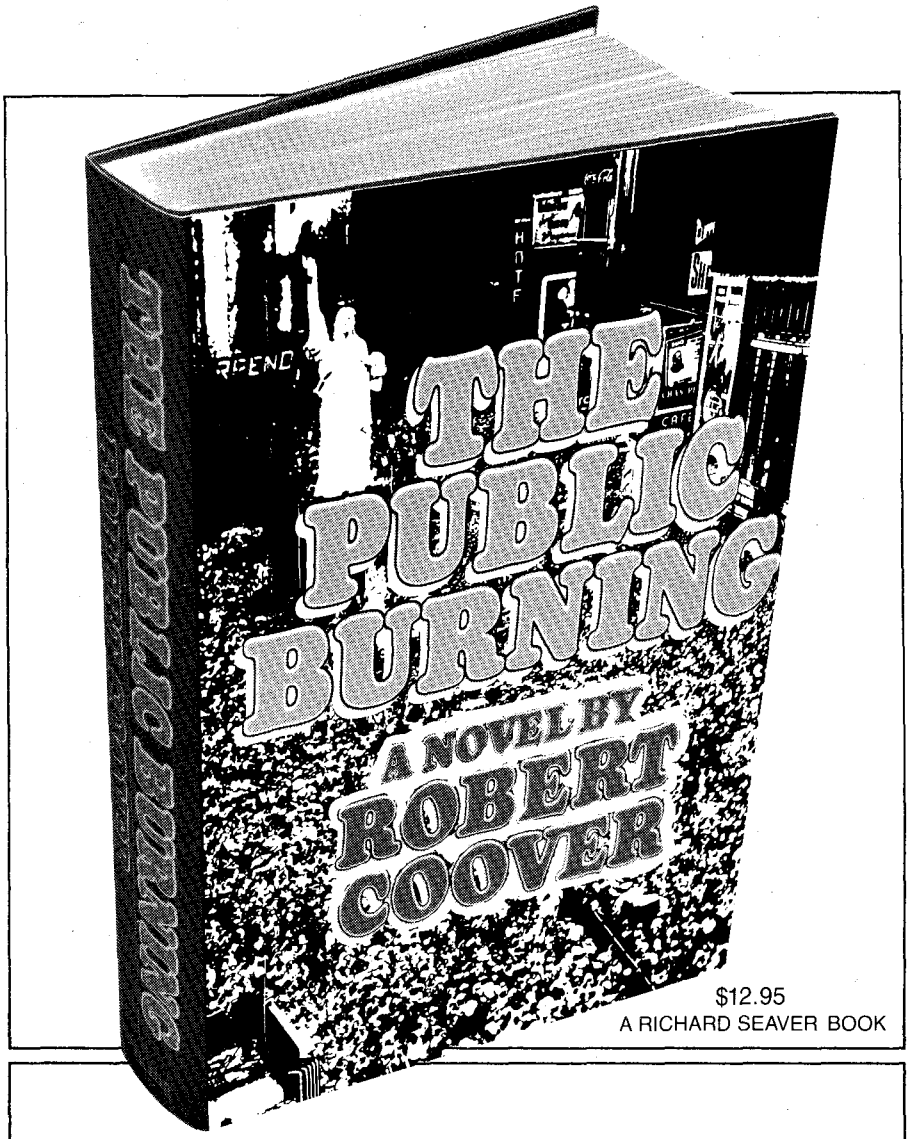
Whatever else the tattooing and car painting fad means, it means that the urge for ornament is irrepressible, it is under peoples' skin, as it were, and who is Walter Gropius to tell them it's a crime and bad taste?

Bad Taste is, in fact, rampant. It is the taste of the majority. And the cultured minority, too, has been cheating all along, putting Persian rugs under their Breuer chairs. Mies himself lived in a Victorian apartment house.

The Moderns, however, could never admit it. They could never admit that they, too, craved ornament, that ornament is vital. So they made the entire building an ornament and became "formgivers." Rather than decorate buildings, in other words, they set out to make the entire building a work of decoration. The search was on for ever more sensational shapes and "exciting spaces." And with that, the noble resolve that form was to follow function went down some sneakingly over-emphasized drain and we were back to *l'architecture pour l'architecture.*

And that is where we are at.

The avant-garde has led architecture into elitist, anti-social isolation rather than the promised total environment. That is not to say that as art it is always bad. A good Mies or a flamboyant Le Corbusier thrill me as much as a cool Josef Albers painting or a hot Miro. And if you live in a work of art, you will make excuses for it and let Mies have his



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totalitarian curtains. But I will be damned if I make excuses for a bad copy of Mies that looks cheap and makes me feel uncomfortable. Le Corbusier's Palace of Justice at Chandigarh is one thing. To see its entrance hall copied for a speculative office building on Washington's K Street is ludicrous and ugly. Palladio's work was also copied and recopied, adapted and re-adapted over two centuries and often by hacks. Palladanism, which was also an international style, always maintained nobility. I doubt that will ever be said of Modern.

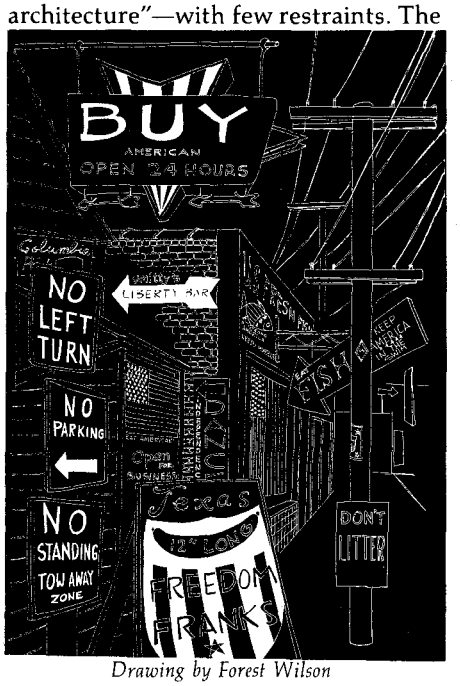
There is some good work. Philip Johnson does a good Miesian act with sophisticated *joie de vivre*. Kevin Roche is the former partner and worthy successor of Eero Saarinen, who was on the way to becoming a great architect. I.M. Pei sticks to the spirit, though not the manner of Miesian classicism, slicing abstract perfectionism into most unlikely diagonals which create razor sharp angles and cut all pretext of function to shreds.

There is that wonderful Boston City Hall, the result of a competition won by Kallman, McKinnel and Knowles. Marcel Breuer, the sole survivor of the Bauhaus, does solemn and solid buildings. José Luis Sert, the sole survivor of Le Corbusier's intimate circle, manages to tame the flamboyance of the master into sensible architecture. And Harry Weese stays down to earth with wit and elegance.

Most of the rest flounder. They would, to paraphrase Mies, rather be original than be good, and some of them might be good, if they would just stop showing off all the time. But here they go, like Hardy Holzman Pfeiffer (a partnership so close, it won't even let a comma come between them), and let it all hang out, likely and unlikely ducts, railings, metal trellises, unexplained pipes, exposed beams, inexplicable tubes. It is called "Brutalism" and painted in raw colors that would brighten the boiler room of a mothballed destroyer, but do little for the new Minneapolis concert hall.

Gordon Bunshaft, who can be a good architect, gets seized by a fit of lunacy and bends what should be an unobtrusive Manhattan office building into an obscene backward curve. It looks like a ski jump. Yamasaki, not to be outdone, shapes a big office building like a gigantic pencil stump and points it upside down into the heart of the old, still humanly scaled, Seattle business district. It is gauche, if not brutal. Even Sigfried Giedion, the historian and propagandist of the Modern movement, noted sadly that Modern is deteriorating into a "playboy architecture."

The trouble is that the boys don't have much to play with unless they get a very special commission—a piece of what Paul Rudolph has called "foreground architecture"—with few restraints. The



Drawing by Forest Wilson

background, the apartment houses, offices and stores that determine what is now fashionably called "the quality of our environment," is determined by zoning commissioners, who ordain the shape and height; by building coders, who prescribe much of what can and cannot be done; the mortgage bankers, who decide on the quality of materials and construction; and the engineers who design the structure. That leaves the architect to wrap the package in a pretty facade and maybe design a lobby that dazzles. Most buildings, in sum, are not designed. They are styled—styled in the latest architectural fashion. Grilles are out. Ski jumps are in. So are 10-story, glass-roofed atrium courts with oozing vegetation. Perhaps Pierre Cardin, Halston and Lee Radziwill ought to enter the exterior decorating biz with some fresh ideas.

The couturiers could do no worse for our habitat than the architectural fashion designers have done. They might even do a little better, because they are in the habit of making their designs for people. Architects, generally, are not. Like modern artists, they are shouting in isolation, depriving themselves of any but the most cliquish response, and depriving the rest of us of art that is ours, that gives us comfort and provides creative release.

The isolation of Modern architecture may even be worse, because, in effect, we have no architecture to bring order and livability into our place to live. It is true that only five percent of all that is being built, including highways and hydro-electric dams, is being designed by architects. Architects would, however, surely have greater influence if we could trust them to help us design what we need. As it is, only the very rich and the very poor suffer Modern architecture, the rich because it is chic and the poor because they have no choice. The housing authorities hire architects to build their projects and some authorities, like those in St. Louis, try to hire architects with good, Modern reputations.

The majority lives in suburban builders' "homes" (they would not dare call them "houses") of the Cinderella-Split-Level-Colonial-Mediterranean Rambler variety, perfectly servicable shelter with big kitchens and nostalgia for anything but Modern styled all over them. The interiors are Sears, Roebuck Eclectic, a medley of stable lanterns and Renaissance candelabra. Or, at best, if they are wealthy, they are pseudo-Colonial Cozy. Around this visual Muzak, and in sharp contrast to the Miltown tranquility of manicured lawns, is the harsh jazz of our highways with their golden arches, chicken colonels and neon screams.

Is that our culture? Are we condemned to leave nothing better to posterity than ambiguous *kitsch* and nefarious gobbledegook?

Robert Venturi, a thoughtful architect who was one of the first to speak out against the rigidities of Modern, holds up the Strip and suburbia as spontaneous expressions of the American soul, the apogee of contemporary folk art. "Las Vegas is almost allright," he has told his students. And Denise Scott Brown, his wife and collaborator, says architects must learn to respect suburbia's values.

This is resigned romanticism, I'd say. Las Vegas is not allright. It is ugly. The neon screams are not folk art. They are imposed on us and our countryside by the greedy hucksterism of American corporations. The Campbell soup can was there before Andy Warhol painted it. The suburbanites deserve better than suburbia. We need not defend the mess that is man-made America, as a British visitor called it, we need to clean it up.

And we are, I believe, beginning.

The poor have fought back at the deadening tedium and mangy lawns of the highrise projects. Their weapons—

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of crime, arson, vandalism, and drugs—were self-destructive, but they have won their fight. At St. Louis, to be sure, bad social and racial policies made matters worse. But in the end, the architecture was to blame and had to be demolished. That is not the pity. The pity is that there are far too many Pruitt-Igoes still standing. But no one will build any more.

The vast middle class is beginning to transfer its vague nostalgia from electrically wired stable lanterns to Charles Addams Victorian buildings. Historic preservation and adapting old buildings to new use have suddenly become the rage. The battle cry is "Don't tear it down!" It means "Don't build it up!" We have had it with Modern architecture.

And now even the rich are catching on. Just the other day, *tout le monde* donned ruffled dress shirts and layered gowns, popped champagne, and opened an exhibition of Ecole des Beaux Arts architecture at New York's Museum of Modern Art, of all places. The Beaux Arts was the school that gave us Charles Garnier's Paris Opera House, McKim, Mead and White's now demolished Pennsylvania Railroad Station, and Daniel Burnham's picture postcard image of Washington. The Modern was instrumental in introducing Modern architecture to this country as gospel. Beaux Arts, like ornament, was crime. But now it was all right to rejoice over the exuberance of gaslight era palaces and railroad stations again. The Modern's Arthur Drexler professed to have forgotten what the battle had been all about.

The exuberance of our empire buildings days cannot be retrieved. But we sense that we want something richer and more satisfying than crude Modern abstractions. The new architecture that wants to emerge, I believe, will be more considerate of people and their yearning for order and historic continuity. It will be humble and friendly. It will be an architecture that respects nature and seeks to conserve nature's resources.

Wolf Von Eckardt

(This is the second of a two-part article. Wolf Von Eckardt will write a column on architecture for TNR *in the fall.)*

Robert Garis on dance

The Ballet is Balanchine

At the New York City Ballet, our greatest artistic institution, the dancing has reached a new fullness—there can't ever have been a stage so crowded with dancers of this caliber. And Suzanne Farrell has become the greatest dancer I have ever seen. Most of the other principals are dancing splendidly too, Peter Martins in particular, but apart from Farrell perhaps the most exciting things are coming from young people not yet officially principals—Bart Cook, Merrill Ashley, Daniel Duell, Coleen Neary. On a good night all of this adds up to a nearly celestial unity. Yet there is a strong sense of loss too. For in Violette Verdy and Edward Villella we have lost not only two great dancers, two irreplaceable individuals, but also, at least temporarily, some ballets that only they could dance effectively. And that raises an interesting question about Balanchine.

The New York City Ballet is Balanchine. What I see on stage now is a fuller embodiment of a style that has been visible since the company began. *Symphony in C* on June 12, 1977 at The New York State Theatre gave me the same happiness that *Symphony in C* at the City Center had given me in 1948. It all looks natural and easy and modest, and that's what makes you happy, but in fact what Balanchine has achieved is a major revolution in ballet style. He has made ballet classicism bolder and faster yet paradoxically sweeter and less emphatic too. Revolutions always make enemies, but Balanchine's style has always had thousands of warm friends too, who know they are admiring a particular "style" perhaps only by experiencing this happiness at a Balanchine evening, without being able to account for that experience.

"Happiness" may seem a trivial word to describe the effect of this peak of high civilization, and in fact the Balanchine technique isn't at all easy to describe. When Suki Schorer, who used to be a principal in the company, gave a lecture-demonstration about Balanchine's technique, she told us that all Balanchine cared about in dancing was what it looked like, and I was as puzzled as she had wittily meant me to be, since I couldn't imagine anything else a choreographer or a ballet master might care about. Then Schorer took as an illuminating example the extension of the leg into arabesque: she said that for Balanchine what the eye likes in this movement is the moment when the leg starts to move and the moment when it stops. These events of the movement give it life. So Balanchine's technique aims to help you see these events better by accenting them. I can see Schorer's point in the fact that Balanchine dancers often dance a shade ahead of the beat, and although I can't see the way in which they accent the end of a movement, I can certainly see that theirs is a very highly inflected style. Yet it is also fast, continuous, modest and elegant, so that the accenting doesn't come through as a series of jolts or brilliant points but instead as an almost *unusually* quiet flow of movement that is also alert, happy and alive and therefore unusually interesting to look at. And all of this naturally suits a typical Balanchine ballet like *Symphony in C*, in which the steps for *all* the dancers are complex and inventive, full of accents and events, changes of direction and speed.

All this I saw in 1948 What has changed is that the increasing strength of the Balanchine-directed School of American Ballet has enabled the company to find greater and greater talents, so that now virtually every dancer on stage can manage the speed and stretch that only some of the principals used to be able to manage. Yet since the elegant musical modesty of the style hasn't changed, the result in 1977 isn't that you feel you are seeing a company of stars but that this fleet and joyous style is a very full style which in an immensely

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powerful work like *The Four Temperaments* can be immensely powerful without being heavy.

Farrell's dancing shows particularly clearly why there is still a distinction between the corps and the principals. At the very end of the Polonaise in *Diamonds*, you will find the example Schorer chose writ large. Sixteen couples are advancing in formal closing gestures, high forward kicks, arabesques, lifts, circlings of promenade. But among them is another couple, Farrell and Martins, with the ballerina the more visible, and this couple does everything a split second before the rest. These light accents make every dance event distinct and interesting, and far from confusing the eye, this accenting clarifies the whole pattern for you.

That Farrell makes this effect so exactly and so naturally is why she is the quintessential Balanchine dancer and the effect shows why it makes sense to say that she isn't a star. If there weren't 16 other women on stage with sensitive energy not unlike Farrell's, the coda of *Diamonds* would be intolerably heavy—think what it would look like danced by another company! Farrell, *prima inter pares*, is leading these wonderful dancers from inside their style. Yet the fact is that when she begins that accenting first kick she has a quicker jet of energy than the others and her delicately controlled kick does go higher than anybody else's. So that, to say the least, you notice her.

In the "competition" variation with Martins in the recent *Chaconne* Farrell surpasses even her own earlier achievement, yet remains true to the company's style. As she comes down toward us in an intricate chain of movement, constantly shifting direction and balance, it is all very fast but as a friend remarked there is all the time in the world. It's an almost unbelievable instance of what Haggin would call "plastic continuity," of what Arlene Croce has called the "seamless flow" of Farrell's dancing. But there's more. In a *Times* interview Peter Martins with intelligent generosity spoke of how much he had learned from Farrell's courage, and I am struck by the daringly immense scale of her dancing in general and of this quiet dance from *Chaconne* in particular. I have never seen such bold shifts in direction, never felt so powerful a surge of energy. Denby once said that the secret of all dancing is how to keep your balance when you're moving very fast and changing direction. *Chaconne*, like *Tzigane*, showed us again that Farrell has this gift to a degree we hadn't thought possible. It makes her a dance genius.

Farrell's return to the company two years ago was an unpredicted miracle, but the loss of Verdy has been approaching for some time. Though it is her new job as Director of the Paris Opera Ballet that has made her stop dancing completely, she had been appearing less and less frequently during the last seasons. But there were still occasional performances in *Swan Lake, Emeralds, Sonatine, La Source*, so one could watch and wait for *Verdy's Swan Lake*, for *her Emeralds*, for *her La Source*. And her virtually unannounced departure has been a very noticeable event indeed, since she has taken the meaning of some of these ballets along with her. In recent performances of *La Source*, Martins's noble grace sufficed at first, but when he carried Kay Mazzo in on his shoulders at the beginning of the second *pas de deux*, a moment when the ballerina has to open out if the ballet is to mean anything, nothing happened; later, when the music crashes into that grand adagio fortissimo, nothing happened again, and one remembered Verdy's power, and it was as if not only Verdy but *La Source* itself had disappeared.

The loss in *Emeralds* is even more unsettling. The whole ballet was a favorite of mine at first, and even when Mimi Paul and Moncion left the second *pas de deux*, taking with them the crucial secretive intensity that made the dance great, Verdy remained to keep the rest of the ballet important. Then Christine Redpath began to replace Verdy's style with mere beauty and one wondered why Balanchine wanted to see *Emeralds* danced without any distinction or inflection. But now the wonderful Merrill Ashley has innocently wrecked the whole enterprise. When Redpath ran here and there in the opening section it was boring instead of ardent or fateful, but it didn't seem wrong; Ashley's style actually obliterates our sense that there is a kind of character in that Verdy role, whom a friend of mine has described as listening and answering to mysterious forces. Ashley isn't a mysterious-forces type: she'll never understand what possesses people to carry on like that. "Possesses" is the word, and Verdy intensified the effect, and Balanchine perhaps thought she "acted" too much in doing so. But these meanings and this character are right there in the steps, and when they're not brought to life the steps themselves look foolish and unmotivated. In the variation too Verdy used to enchant us by being enchanted by the graceful, playful dance her own arms were doing, but Ashley (who accelerates marvelously in the turns) wouldn't dream of going in for such innocent narcissism. The whole role was built around Verdy's powerful charm. She has taken *Emeralds* to Paris, where of course she can't dance it, and this anomaly is a great tribute to her but it isn't the kind of tribute I enjoy paying.

Ballet is a strange world, and so is the press. The *Times* sees no tastelessness in running the John Gruen gossip column about the love lives of the stars, but when Villella, a great dancer of international stature, suffers an orthopedic disability that makes it impossible for him to do anything on stage beyond the mere walking about that is his role in Robbins's *Watermill*, you can't find anything in the paper about it. The unspeakable Clive Barnes, indeed, can praise the boring *Watermill* one day and a minute later salute Baryshnikov's American debut in *The Prodigal Son* as having restored to the role the powerful explosive energy it hasn't had in the post-war period—thus (amidst the other absurdities of the statement) casually cancelling the memory of Villella's electric performances. Meanwhile, the distressing fact is that Villella can no longer dance his great roles and, as with Verdy, those roles have all but disappeared.

Rubies without Villella is still worth watching but you can't get all the courses at a single sitting. When Bart Cook dances you get finesse and some wit, but it's too light-weight: with Peter Schaufuss you get the force, with Robert Weiss the speed, but with neither do you get an ounce of wit and you're not sure that the fellow up there is very bright. There's a painful irony here. Villella, like Verdy, was never a typical Balanchine dancer and therefore it was a measure of Balanchine's breadth, his sense of what a major ballet company needs, that he wanted them. It was a measure of his genius and of theirs that he could work with them to respect and develop their gifts with such roles as the splendor of *Rubies*, in which everything Villella was and could be was fused into a new creation of electric force and animal drive and charm and wit and innocent American toughness. And now that's almost all gone. It isn't surprising that Villella's replacements in *Rubies* or *Harlequinade* or *A Midsummer Night's Dream* or *Tarantella* shouldn't be able to recapture the full range of these roles—Villella really is irreplaceable. But that so little gets recaptured tempts you

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to think someone is to blame.

As I make it out, Balanchine is to blame, but what I mean isn't Balanchine's famous capriciousness but the fact that he's only one genius, with only one genius's 24-hour day. Schaufuss dances wittily in *The Steadfast Tin Soldier*, so why doesn't Balanchine coach him in *Rubies*, explaining the jokes to him and showing him how to put them across? But there's also Jean-Pierre Bonnefous to be coached in *Harlequinade*, and so on, and one sees the size of the problem. Bonnefous is a fine dancer and he is wonderfully funny in *Union Jack* but he corns *Harlequinade* up brutally, inserting irrelevant jokes from *Union Jack* and playing Harlequin as a silly jerk instead of as the *hero*, with whom the delectable Columbine is in love. When Balanchine taught him—patiently, painstakingly, imperturbably—how to be funny in *Union Jack* Bonnefous learned how to be funny only in that one role; to be funny in the entirely different way required in *Harlequinade* he needs the same coaching. And one would say that Balanchine ought to do it, were it possible to be presumptuous enough to portion out the time of the man from whom we want 20 new ballets in the next 10 years. Other coaches should be hired, then. But there appear to be none, literally none, if the American Ballet Theatre may bear its mute, sad, involuntary testimony—since as Anna Kisselgoff and others have pointed out, ABT has had to mount its three-actors without any coaching at all, if by coaching you mean teaching by somebody who understands the subject.

I must leave the question here. The condition of *Emeralds* and *Rubies* is a real problem and, for better or worse, there is only one Balanchine to solve it. He is responsible for what is so exciting and so fully achieved at the New York City Ballet right now, responsible too for Farrell, though her genius is her own. And ironically, because he made such wonderful roles for Verdy and Villella, whose genius is also their own though visible to us now only in memory, Balanchine is in a way responsible for the degree to which we miss these artists.

Robert Garis

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Books Considered

We Must March My Darlings by Diana Trilling

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $10)

In one of the essays brought together in this book, Diana Trilling praises Norman Mailer for treating "one's political and intellectual friends as if they were live, breathing human beings, quirky, deficient, ostentatious, vain, or redundant, inviting one's malice no less than one's comradeship . . . ." I like that sentence. And I'll try to write about Mrs. Trilling's book in the same spirit, as an "intellectual friend" who both admires and disagrees.

The publicity surrounding this book—the whole Little-Brown-Lillian Hellman imbroglio—has done it a disservice, making it seem more of a one-track polemic than in fact it is. What needs to be said first is that the book is intensely alive. These essays aren't mere dusty reprises or sullen retributions: they touch on matters that can still set one's emotions flowing. Some of them deal with changes in outlook from the feminism of Mrs. Trilling's generation to that of the present moment, the shifting perspectives of liberal anti-Communism, the student uprising at Columbia in 1968, Timothy Leary's drugged utopia, and a previously unpublished, lengthy fragment about a stay that Mrs. Trilling took at Radcliffe in 1971.

She writes here as a traditional liberal devoted to freedom and rationality, and as an "old-fashioned feminist" who believes that the greatest need of her sex is to achieve economic self-sufficiency rather than speculating about prehistoric matriarchy or the recondite shadings between vaginal and clitoral

Congress against Itself

By Roger H. Davidson and Walter J. Oleszek

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Edited by Gwendolen M. Carter and Patrick O'Meara
Introduction by Colin Legum

This timely book looks behind the headlines to explain what is really going on in the various countries of Southern Africa in terms of historical traditions, the positions of internal factions, and American involvement in the area. Contributors include: John Marcum, Patrick O'Meara, Elizabeth Landis, E. Philip Morgan, Absolom Vilakazi, Tony Hodges, and Gwendolen M. Carter. (A main selection of the Library of Political and International Affairs)

$12.50

The Case for the Welfare State

By Norman Furniss and Timothy Tilton

This innovative book argues that political debate should be focused on the current problems of advanced industrial societies: bureaucratic responsiveness, citizen participation, persistent poverty. The comparative discussion of welfare provision in Britain, Sweden, and the United States is enlightening.

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orgasm. She writes as a partisan of high culture who knows how tricky, even treacherous, that partisanship can become in an age of stylized *kitsch*. She is keen at detecting the self-delusions of fellow-travelers of high culture in its phase of popular decadence: the way the creeds of yesterdays' embattled minorities become the slogans of today's affluent taste-makers, the way postures of political boldness can be put to the service of making a lot of dollars.

Mrs. Trilling writes in a highly personal style, formal but vigorous, though sometimes too "heavy," lacking in conversational fluency. She also writes with too much self-consciousness regarding place in the cultural world, as if we Americans were living in a terraced intellectual community such as England is supposed to have had.

One of the best things in the book is her report of a visit to a public session held 10 years ago by that poor soiled guru, Timothy Leary. Holding an audience of sophisticated people enthralled, this psychedelic con-man—but maybe not con-man, since he seems to have been sincerely caught up with his nihilistic raptures—resembles "a schoolmaster acting the master of ceremonies in a school show, a good-looking, tired, essentially vulgar, still-boyish teacher, histrionic, equally pleased with his popularity among his students and with the privileges of office which he could exercise as occasion demanded."

And what does Leary offer his disciples? "If one is to judge the LSD state by Dr. Leary's representation or elaboration of it in his ceremonies . . . , what happens under LSD may very well be a flooding of the mind with images or emotions from which it is otherwise closed off. But what the mind does with this new material speaks not at all of a significantly enhanced mental activity such as we usually adduce in our appreciation of awareness." This essay is a major demolition of everything in the late '60s, and beyond, that yielded to the soft swoon of unthinking.

A 1970 essay on *Easy Rider*, a film virtually adopted as a centerpiece of the counter-culture, is another instance of powerful criticism. Responding warmly to the pictorial charms of the movie—charms that come from its mythic evocation of an American landscape unspoiled by industrialism, advertising, and urban blight—Mrs. Trilling then proceeds to analyze its essential dishonesty:

> *Gatsby, we recall, tried to buy his transcendence over limiting social circumstances by bootlegging: Fitzgerald conceals from us no part of Gatsby's moral implication in his way of getting rich. Wyatt and Billy* [the two main figures in *Easy Rider*] *try to buy their transcendence by trafficking in drugs but they are made to bear no moral responsibility for* their *way of getting rich—unless we were perhaps to argue that their death at the end of the film is a punishment for wrongdoing, in which case* Easy Rider *would have to be accused of having vested its moral authority in cold-blooded murderers.*

A similar sharpness of perception informs Mrs. Trilling's account of her stay at Radcliffe. Here she is both an affectionate older woman whose heart yields to the innocence and vulnerability of the young people she meets and a seasoned intellectual whose mind spins with dismay before the fecklessness that calls itself freedom and the passivity that is offered as evidence of not being "hung up." She notes the luxury in which some Radcliffe girls live even as they rebel against bourgeois values; she suffers at hearing students discuss a novel by Mary McCarthy without once mentioning its historical context; she is troubled by the discrepancy between the students' protestation of significant community and the loneliness many of them obviously feel. And amusingly—she finds it amusing too—Mrs. Trilling is disturbed by the messiness of the student quarters in which she lives, and tip-toes on the sly to tidy up the common room.

I largely believe in the accuracy of what she writes here—at least for the moment of the early '70s. But there are troublesome questions: Is the loneliness of these students, coming at the end of the New Left and counter-culture movements, really different in kind from that of previous generations, perhaps because of their indifference to social codes and constraints? Or is it the same old human loneliness in new guise, the loneliness we can apparently never escape? Does what Mrs. Trilling has described for 1971-72 still hold today? Was there some sort of fundamental mutation in attitudes and values, or was it just a passing phase? The last question is especially important because American intellectuals, having in recent decades given up firm political "positions" in favor of the delicacies of personal insight, rush a little too fast from one novelty to the next. Dazzling theories are announced about totalitarianism, mass society, existentialism, the new conservatism, religion, *praxis*, and the young—all of which a few years later show themselves to be less profound evocations of our time than febrile symptoms of a moment. What then was Mrs. Trilling describing?

Diana Trilling by Andras Goldinger

I have said that Mrs. Trilling writes from a position of traditional liberalism. Insofar as this signifies a defense of political freedoms, a rejection of polar versions of authoritarianism, and a commitment to rationality, tolerance, and openness of mind, it is a precious tradition. In her battle with Lillian Hellman, which involved not just personal histories but fundamental moral and political outlooks, Mrs. Trilling is largely right. She is among those who a few centuries ago (that is, in the 1930s) had been pioneer anti-Stalinists of the left; Miss Hellman was among those who justified the infamous Moscow Trials and the politics leading to and from it. The question, however, of the intellectuals' response to McCarthyism is something else.

Among liberals and intellectuals, especially those who grew up in the 1960s/1970s, it has now become fashionable to denigrate anti-Communism as an obsolete idea or a mask for reaction. It has become still more fashionable to celebrate victims of the McCarthy period as moral and political heroes (something very different from seeing them as people whose rights had to be defended even if their opinions were detestable). Mrs. Trilling resists these fashions, and

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mostly she is correct in doing so. That anti-Communism can be used for neo-conservative or even reactionary ends anyone familiar with recent history knows perfectly well, and whoever doesn't can easily discover it by looking at recent issues of *Commentary*. But then it is in the nature of political life that every valid idea can be put to destructive use.

During the 1940s/1950s the intellectuals in New York were largely right in directing their heavy polemical fire against Stalinism and its covert allies. That the American Communist Party was too feeble to be a threat to freedom, was an argument offered by those who thought too much was being made of the danger of Stalinism. But this argument was itself feeble, and sometimes disingenuous too. First, in crucial areas of American life—the trade unions, the cultural world—Stalinism had become very strong. (To control at least one-third of the CIO, that's real power.) Second, on an international scale—and intellectuals aren't supposed to be blinkered nationalists—Stalinism had become a major menace. After the Second World War it was, I think, *the* major menace. Third, Stalinism represented an intellectual challenge, it was a difficult problem, radically novel and seemingly enigmatic. Intellectuals wrote about it more than about McCarthyism because Stalinism was much harder to understand, required more serious analysis, and had won far more support among fellow intellectuals. What McCarthy needed was that a few public men have the courage to cry out, "Beat it, you bum"—and that, in effect, was what the admirable Joseph Welch did.

Where some or many of the anti-Stalinist intellectuals went astray was in allowing their warranted concern with Stalinism to tempt them into an increasingly rigid conservatism, or to distract them from the fact that in the United States, during the 1950s and then in the Nixon years, the major danger came from the right. Intellectually, Stalinism remained the big problem; politically, at home, it was the right that represented the big danger. How balance these concerns, how develop a politics complex and supple enough to cope with this multitude of enemies?

I don't think the record of a good many of the New York intellectuals on this matter was a very good one, and Lillian Hellman has some justice on her side in pointing to the way they minimized the consequences of McCarthyism or, in a few extreme instances, tacitly accepted some of its more genteel manifestations. In an essay I wrote in 1953 called "This Age of Conformity" I tried, with some light and much heat, to offer evidence about all this; I still stand by much of it but won't try here to repeat.

Mrs. Trilling's liberal position, then, is strong in principle, but not nearly so strong in application. Of liberalism as a mode of social activism which can bring one into a sharp adversary relation with established opinion and authority; of liberalism as a combative response to all the outrages of American society in the last few decades, from Vietnam to bugging to CIA to foreign policy to Watergate; of liberalism as a fierce visceral reaction to the free-lance gangsterism of the McCarthy years and the institutionalized gangsterism of the Nixon years; of liberalism as a deep moral revulsion to the appalling deeds of the United States in Vietnam and not just as a tactical calculation that the war was a mistake—of such a liberalism (in principle utterly consistent with anti-Communism) I do not find much, certainly not enough, evidence in Mrs. Trilling's book.

Her polemics remind one of those French fortifications set up between wars: they could fire only toward the east.

Now in truth it was very hard for political intellectuals these past few decades to keep their balance if they did want to stay clear of the rival fanaticisms that have beset our century. Some of the skewing with which I've charged Mrs. Trilling could also be found—though not, I think, so much of it—in the political records of people like Mike Harrington and myself, who tried to maintain a democratic Socialist perspective at a time when there was no democratic Socialist movement in America. We too were a little guilty of assuming too readily that the US government, or some of its subsections, "could not possibly" frame up dissidents or provoke violence through informers or bug the phones of innocent people; we too tended to underestimate the extent to which the FBI and the CIA had invaded traditional freedoms.

Unless you had a ready-made, fixed position (the pro-McCarthyite right, the fellow-traveling left), it was hard to balance off the perceived threat on an international scale and the immediate threat at home. Mistakes were inevitable, and my complaint against Mrs. Trilling is not so much that, like everyone else, she made them, but that in putting out this book she did not look back with a strong enough impulse toward self-criticism, as if to say, "well, I still think my basic views were right, but in the heat and dust of the moment I swayed too far in this direction and tended to ignore things that now make me uncomfortable . . ."

So it seems to me. Whoever may be reading these lines, if not already drawing up a list of points similarly to hold against this reviewer, would do well to get Mrs. Trilling's book and pick up the dialogue/argument from there. We must keep going back to the past, we must keep taking stock, we must keep raking up old battles and debates; otherwise we will not only repeat our mistakes, something likely to happen in any case, but will feel contented in doing so.

Irving Howe

Irving Howe is most recently the author of *World of Our Fathers* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich).

Unity Mitford: An Inquiry into Her Life and the Frivolity of Evil by David Pryce-Jones

(Dial Press/James Wade; $9.95)

The descriptive portion of the title of this biography of Unity Mitford suffered a sea-change when it crossed the Atlantic. In England where the book was first published, it was simply *A Quest;* in America it has become *An Inquiry into her Life and the Frivolity of Evil.* The English version sums up efficiently the form of the biography that Pryce-Jones set out to write: a quest for Unity Mitford as she was, based upon as many facts and quasi-facts about her as could be gathered from as many surviving people who knew her, no matter how

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slightly, and were willing to talk about her, no matter how inconsequently. (Perhaps it would have been better if he had not been so generous with his more than 200 interviews, disgorging in such profuse and repetitive detail what he

Unity Mitford by Andras Goldinger

was told over the teacups in this or that schloss; nor so generous and unsceptical with his interviewees, only seldom subjecting what they told him to unkind scrutiny, or wondering what they might have left untold.)

A Quest has the further advantage of a second level of meaning. It describes the trajectory of Unity Mitford's life, for this peer's daughter who strikes one as being more than a little dotty, this sister-in-law of Sir Oswald ("Ozzie-Mozzie") Mosley, the British fascist leader, herself embarked upon a quest that would have seemed unattainable to anyone less obsessed than she: to meet, to know, to worship Adolf Hitler. Ultimately her quest was successful, for Unity got Hitler, though rather less of him than she would have liked; and Pryce-Jones has succeeded in *his* quest, for he has got Unity, though rather more of her than he actually needed.

Perhaps it was to endow Unity with a significance she doesn't intrinsically possess that the American subtitle was called into being. The simple quest becomes something more complex: an inquiry into "the frivolity of evil." No doubt the echo of Hannah Arendt is intended; but what is one to make of the phrase? The more one thinks about it, the more enigmatic it becomes. In what sense can evil be frivolous? Is there a distinction to be made between a serious and a frivolous evil? When the evil is anti-Semitism—and I would like to think that no civilized, no humane man or woman would deny that anti-Semitism is evil—is it a matter of degree? Is anti-Semitism frivolous up to a point, and after that point is reached, does it then become serious?

Unity was, it seems clear from reading Pryce-Jones, "frivolous" in her style—"The darling Führer is coming past, let's go and waggle a flag"—and superficial in her thinking, but she was noxiously "serious" in her anti-Semitism. If it was merely a question of style, then it was already, as early as 1935, a style gone rotten, when she would write a letter to Streicher's paper, beginning, "Dear *Stürmer*! As an English fascist I would like to express my admiration for you. For a year I have been living in Munich and each week have read the *Stürmer*. If only we had such papers in England. Ordinary people in England have no idea of the Jewish danger . . . We look forward to the day on which we shall declare with full power and might, 'England for the English!' Jews out! With German greetings! Heil Hitler. Unity Mitford. P.S. If you should happen to find room in your paper for this letter, please print my name in full. I do not want my letter initialled U. M., for everyone should know that I am a Jew hater. *[Judenhasserin].*"

Later still, the possibility of this behavior being written off as merely questionable style, doesn't even arise. In a grim, climactic passage that is already famous, and deservedly so, Pryce-Jones tells how, in the spring of 1939, "on Hitler's orders" she was offered "a short list of four apartments in Munich requisitioned from Jews . . . and that May she made her choice. She inspected the four apartments. Some of the Jewish owners, on the eve of their forcible dispossession, were still in their homes, actually looking at her and listening to her in the very rooms which Unity was absorbed in measuring up, imagining color schemes and decorations and improvements. She was oblivious to the cruelty of the scene . . . Not even victims suffering in front of her could count on simple pity and understanding. And she was the instrument of their victimization. It was cold-blooded, self-seeking, as deliberate as anything the bullies were up to outside. The abstract *Stürmer* hatred culminated here, when she was brought finally to the real meaning of the slogans and swastikas and did not even notice. This was what Nazism had done for her. Debasement could be carried no further. Anti-Semitism at the last meant that Jews had no faces, no children, no anguish, nothing but a suitable flat, and here is the kernel of the horror which was the holocaust."

This is horrifying—however justified—and it is understandable that certain readers should recoil from its implications. Much more reassuring to assign Unity to a niche in a chamber of grotesques: someone freakish and unique. But I think it closer to fact—discomfiting though it may be to admit it—that hers was an extreme case of a not uncommon disease, especially before 1939, among members of her class, and even among members of her family. Her maternal grandfather, Thomas Gibson Bowles, was a naval commander who was also the author of a book of travels, *The Log of the 'Nereid.'* Describing a visit to the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem, he writes with hamfisted humor—the humor of the ward room or the gentlemen's club, so to speak—"I don't see what the Jews have got to wail about. If they have been expelled from Jerusalem, they are the rulers of London, Paris, and Berlin." This is standard fare, of the sort to induce an approving chuckle over the port. But the Commander could also reach a depth of expression that might have graced the *Stürmer*: "There is, I suppose, no human animal more utterly devoid of all dignity and nobility, none that bears an aspect at once so abject and so dangerous as the lower class of Russian Jews who have recently overrun the Holy City. Their pale, womanly faces, rendered loathesome by a long, greasy curled lock in front of each ear; their narrow shoulders, bent carriage, filthy gaberdines, and furtive glances, mark in every point a race that has been oppressed for centuries, and that has so deserved oppression as to make it hard not to oppress it." Whether or not his granddaughter read this passage one can't say; one feels reasonably certain, however, that she would have applauded it.

Pryce-Jones seems to wish to depict Unity as some sort of rebel, which is to endow her with a kind of historical significance she doesn't deserve: the "mirror image" of the young men and women on the left in the 1930s. I'm afraid the explanation is simpler and more awful, that she took the anti-Semitism of her family to its extreme, and failed to allow for the paradoxes of

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English character which frequently combined total beastliness of expression with decency of action. It is hard to believe that the anti-Semitism of her parents and grandparents would have led them, as it did Unity, not only to endorse the murder of Jews in theory, but also to roam about in their apartments in Munich, wondering which would suit her best. The concluding lines of a famous poem of the 1930s, William Empson's "Missing Dates," make a tragic and apt summation: "Slowly the poison the whole blood stream fills./The waste remains, the waste remains and kills."

Peter Stansky

Peter Stansky is completing, with William Abrahams, a study of George Orwell in the 1930s.

Delta of Venus: Erotica by Anaïs Nin

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $10)

Now that sexy stories are as accessible as aspirin, and not much more titillating, it's hard to remember that there was a time within living memory when, for Americans at least, they were hard to get and consequently spiced with taboo. Those were the days when Henry Miller was larking around a Paris positively iridescent with variegated licentiousness. Furthermore, the freedoms of his way of life included freedom from regular income. What could be more natural than to suppose he might be interested in writing to order on his favorite subject?

A book collector offered the celebrated expatriate a dollar a page to keep him supplied with aphrodisiac reading matter. He accepted, but it didn't take long for it to seem an unbearable bourgeoisification of the desperado in Henry. He began getting his café copains into the act. Finally, in splendid apache style, he turned the assignment over to a woman he knew he could count on to do the work and give him as much of the money as he needed.

None other than that latter-day saint of the feminist pantheon, Anaïs Nin.

She was an ideal choice for the job. A free spirit she was, with plenty of sex in her own life, what with Henry and all those other writers and artists of Paris between the wars. She had a taste for embroidering experience with fantasy, and her literacy was such that she knew just which books to check for kinky case histories.

Anaïs Nin also had an ego strong enough to make her singularly unself-conscious about being a woman, which is to say a person with a psychology and a sensuality markedly different from a man's. She was so self-accepting that she quite gloried in the kind of femininity today's feminists either won't admit in themselves or try to explain away by talking about what patriarchy has done to distort their development; specifically, the kind of femininity that enjoys a

Anaïs Nin by Andras Goldinger

mother-hen role and lets people take advantage.

Among those who got the money Anaïs Nin made by writing the stories in this book were not only Henry Miller but another lover remarkable even in the most Bohemian circles for his inability to organize himself. Between the drink and never knowing what time it was, he often failed to show up for rendezvous with her on the houseboat where she and her Arabian bed were waiting.

Ah, well, all the more time for writing. This one's slightly crazy wife always needed quite a bit of Anaïs's money too.

The client was generally pleased with what he got for his dollar each time Nin turned in a page, but he sometimes found it a little ladylike. All the organs and groupings and postures were there, but Nin was relentlessly bejeweled in her descriptions. How many adult bookstore stories about stewardesses would have a heroine observing that the pale ivory of her body became in its hollows "golden, like old ermine?" The client kept telling her to cut the poetry and concentrate on the sex.

Presumably, the stories collected here represent her efforts to please—a certain pruning of the emotional and esthetic curlicues characteristic of the diaries and novels that made Anaïs Nin famous when, in her old age, the mood of the times caught up with her.

There's a lot left, though. In fact, one might say that it was not merely brute male lack of imagination that left the customer vaguely dissatisfied with his Scherezade.

An important part of the impact of porn, or any writing about sex, is the sense of demonic forces stirred. Anything with aspirations to obscenity has to have the jolt of outrageousness; intimations of evil and closeness to fearful edges of the forbidden. But, no matter what anybody does in a Nin story—and they conscientiously do everything you ever heard of, in every combination with other people of any and all sexes (sure there's a hermaphrodite), living and dead, with animals, with fetish objects, the works—it comes out so silken and monochromatic it's hard to imagine it producing any heavy breathing.

"Do you think one of them will scream, turn into a beast, lose his control?" inquires the protagonist of a first-person narrative, contemplating with the suave equilibrium of the salon, the early stages of an orgy.

Erotica glossed with etiquette. Not porn. And there's none of the variation of texture and tempo, the subtly patterned alternations of abrasiveness and lyricism that make it art when Henry Miller writes about sex.

To give Anaïs Nin her due, she was far more aware on certain levels of sexual

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experience, and far more candid and articulate about them than—well, what other woman was doing it at all when she was? Clearly, too, she had learned a lot from her close study of D. H. Lawrence.

Yet, for all that, and for all Nin's feminine insistence that sex is nothing without shadings of emotion as body interacts with body and character with character, this is a missing dimension in her writing about sex. There is no leaping out of personalities as there is in Henry Miller when boy meets girl. Nin can't do what Colette can do in the way of sexually oriented psychological revelation, either. And that means the descriptions of what happens in the body are unrevealing too.

Too bad—it's still a good subject. Worth at least a dollar a page.

Anne Crutcher

Anne Crutcher is editorial writer for *The Washington Star.*

The Biography of Alice B. Toklas by Linda Simon

(Doubleday; $10)

So many books, large and small, so many articles, long and short, on the subject of Gertrude Stein and Alice Toklas, have been coming out over the last 40 years and more, that one might think a big new book on the subject a waste of time and paper. But this one has several good reasons for being.

It describes much more fully than

Alice B. Toklas by Andras Goldinger

Alice herself did, in *What Is Remembered,* her life before she met Gertrude Stein and became a subsidiary and rather dim figure in that larger life. Her first 30 years were spent mainly in San Francisco. By 30 she had been quite formed by the special civilization of that city before she left, in 1907, and remained distinctly its product until her death about 60 years later. Her intense interest in fine cooking, in vivid flowers and careful gardening, in high fashion and the detail of dress, in music of all kinds, is plainly from her home town. But, more essentially, so is her odd combination, both in thought and in social decorum, with a kind of frontier toughness, with reserves of violence at need and a fundamental sense of equality. The city was at the time—if no longer so clearly—the "Paris of the West." Her transition to Paris proper was fairly smooth, from one cosmopolis to another like it, not from a province. It is not only a fact but a measure that during the catastrophic earthquake and burning of most of San Francisco in 1906, Sarah Bernhardt and Caruso and William James were present. So of course was Alice, game for the worst of the confusion and ready to go to a performance of *Phèdre* in Berkeley. Her later behavior, through the big-time adventures of the arts in Paris, through two world wars, and through the complications of her last 20 years after Gertrude's death, did not much vary.

The San Francisco background, with its wild mixture of races, cultures, and politics, is generously rendered and sets Alice apart from Gertrude. Though Gertrude was brought up partly in Oakland and felt herself a Californian, she was rather on the suburban or even rural side and not a native. In this odd couple Alice was far more the San Francisco lady, while Gertrude was more knockabout, wandering into formation at Radcliffe and Johns Hopkins.

The first and last chapters carry as epigraphs quotations from Henry James, the last, on the 20 years of Alice's bereavement, being also entitled with a title from James, *The Altar of the Dead.* The invocations of James may seem pretentious flourishes or inflations of the subject matter, but they are entirely apposite. Alice was an addict of James to the end of her life and her mind was much less a reflection or complement of Gertrude's than a variation on James, subtle and civilized to a high degree, but not unaware of the worst realities. Her telling Gertrude, on her way out for a walk, not to come back with Hemingway "on your arm" looks plain enough until you remember that in the decorum of the time it was the woman who was on the man's arm, not the other way round. The simple wording suggests an abyss, in the Jamesian way. In this book the use of the title *The Altar of the Dead* is really inspired, covering all the ground.

The story of her life with Gertrude Stein and after Gertrude Stein has been told or documented again and again, with their relations to a multitude of artists, writers, composers, and just friends, but this work resumes nearly all the published sources to date, many of them widely scattered, and uses new materials, unpublished letters and memoirs, private conversations with Thornton Wilder and Max White, and considerable correspondence with other people who knew Alice. Temporarily at least it is *the* biography, as its title proclaims, and will remain a central work of reference. Its scholarly apparatus, notes, index, and bibliography, is monumental.

The problem of piecing together a continuous and not unbearably long narrative from so very many and varied source materials is well and skillfully met, though not without minor flaws. The techniques of excerpting, abbreviating, and paraphrasing, result sometimes in obscurity or worse. Simon has it that Sarah Bernhardt "was driven" from the theatre in Berkeley. This gives the reader pause or even bewilderment. It could scarcely have been by an angry audience; it must have been by a limousine or a coachman. In fact she was not driven in any sense. She left in a barouche *drawn* by California students who had replaced the horses. Likewise the point or tone of a story can get lost.

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Alice tells in a letter how her friend, the painter Sir Francis Rose, having left his wife in England, was beaten up in a drunken brawl in Paris by a hustler, who at least took him to a hospital for fear of a heart attack. "But the doctors could find nothing wrong with him, Alice reported with a sigh." As if she regretted his not having a heart attack! What she reported is, "The doctors say there is nothing the matter with him except his character. It is too sad." That is quite another story, with a hilarous gag-line, and quite another Alice, with a play of wit that went fast. Some of the obfuscations I have not worked out: "Caesar's defeat at Vercingetorix." For the general reader, who supposes that Vercingetorix was a person, not a place, and that Caesar defeated him, there should be some elucidation. The burden of research is on the author, and the reader should be relieved of it.

There is a good deal of French quoted, rarely without a mistake. Alice's own French was rather faulty but never so hideous as *Le legend, tourjours le legend.* Allowing that French is a dying language among us, and negligible, there are still nuisances with "living" English. Simon uses "fortuitous" for *fortunate,* "which" for *who* a couple of times, "as it were" for *as it was,* "cant" for *chant,* and so on. Then there are misprints, in which the book abounds to an exasperating degree. Nobody minds a few of them but at such a frequency one's tolerance gives out. It may be only in small part the doing of Simon. Between the authorship and the publication these days falls the shadow—in which may lurk such fauna as editors who compulsively edit, cut-rate and creative copy-editors, speed-reading proof-readers and others—so the fault has finally to lie with the house of Doubleday. To quote: "It is too sad." Here is a very rich and fascinating book, but miserably edited and an almost constant irritation to the slow reader.

Yet some of the misprints are entertaining. In transcribing the notorious recipe for hashish fudge, which made Alice the patron saint of the marihuana world, this text gives the Latin or botanical word for hemp—one species of which yields hashish and another is marihuana—as *canibus.* The true word is *cannabis; canibus* means dogs. Whoever is responsible for that mistake should be had up by the SPCA for pooch-besmirchment. Dogs have enough trouble these days without being called narcotics and menaced with pulverization for fudge.

Donald Sutherland

Donald Sutherland is author of *Gertrude Stein: A Biography of her Work* (Yale).

Reconsiderations

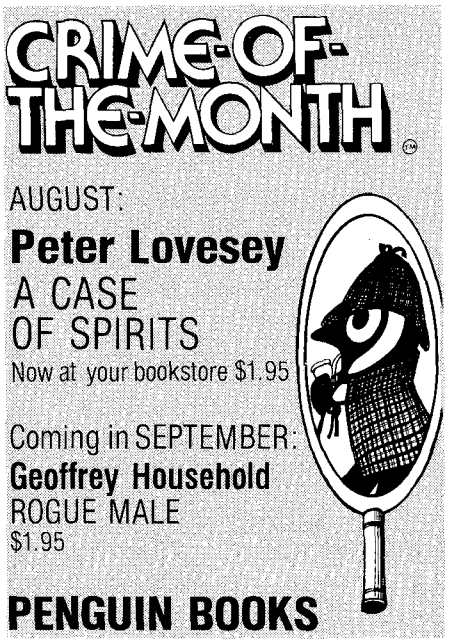
The '60s

In writing not a few studies of literary history, I haven't said much about the new generation of the 1960s. There is a reason for the oversight. I like to write about situations that I have known at first hand, whereas from 1963 to 1973, the years when the Love Generation flowered and faded, I was a detached observer, a deaf man gardening in the country and writing about books. Of course I saw the youngsters here and there, chiefly on my travels to universities, but, while liking most of them as individuals, I could only take note of their various idealisms, not always with a receptive ear.

As a detached observer I concluded that they were indeed something new in the world, the first "real generation"—to borrow a term from Scott Fitzgerald—since the Lost Generation of the 1920s. A "real generation" is something different from a simple age group. Fitzgerald defined it as "that reaction against the fathers which seems to occur about three times in a century. It is distinguished," he said, "by a set of ideas inherited in modified form from the madmen and the outlaws of the generation before; if it is a real generation it has its own leaders and spokesmen, and it draws into its orbit those born just before it and just after, whose ideas are less clear-cut and defiant." The youngsters of the 1960s met those requirements in a more definite fashion than did those of the 1930s or the 1950s. They strenuously reacted against the fathers, in fact, against almost everyone over 30. They brought forth leaders and spokesmen, and they manifested their own sense of life, their "new consciousness," which drew older and younger people into its orbit.

The generation was outward-turning, "sharing," and politicized. In spite of its praise for those who "did their own thing," what it really enjoyed was coming together in communes, communities, encounter groups, student rebellions, and mass demonstrations, all to change the world after changing the consciousness of individuals. Thus, it was taking its place in a historical pattern I have often observed, an alternation of mood between interests turned outward and those focused on individual success. Once I compared this alternation to "an immensely slow heartbeat rhythm of expansion and contraction, of systole and diastole," and I said that the cycle might take as much as 30 years to complete. The 1950s had been a contractive period that placed its emphasis on personal security, good form in life and literature, and the nuclear family; the 1960s were clearly expansive. In some respects they repeated the 1930s, with the same wild optimism, the same adherence to the Movement, the same faith in the Coming Revolution. The New Left had taken the place of the Old Left, and I noted with interest that several leaders of campus rebellions were the sons or daughters of old-time radicals.

In other respects the age was vastly different from the 1930s. It had, for instance, a greater variety of ideas, ideals, and slogans, many of which were confused or conflicting, with the result



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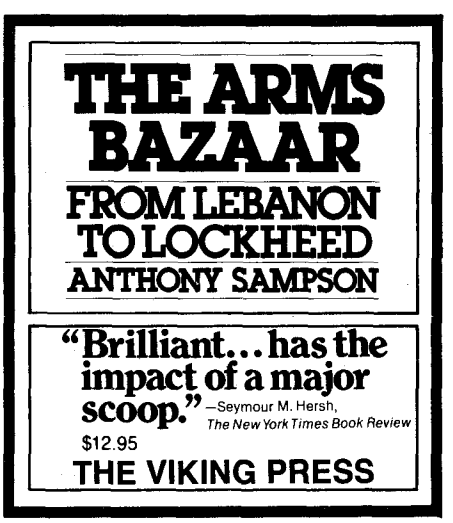
that they offered an implausible mixture of Marx, Bakunin, and Mahatma Gandhi, of Wilhelm Reich and Che Guevara. What the rebels accepted from Marx was chiefly his early humanism and his revolutionary fervor. Never having lived in a depression or suffered want except from deliberate choice, they took no interest in economics. They did not talk about the proletariat, which Marx believed capable of seizing the factories and running them in everybody's best interest; instead they wanted to destroy the factories and start afresh, close to nature. They worshiped a vague entity, the People, which would rise to a man and woman (except the bankers) if rebellious students convinced them of the truth.

Much later, when reading Sara Davidson's *Loose Change*, which is the liveliest account of the era, I found a quotation from a speech delivered by a student leader at Berkeley. He was speaking in 1966, a hopeful year for the rebels. "We don't need the Old Left," he said. "We don't need their ideology or the working class, those mythical masses who are supposed to rise up and break their chains. The working class in this country is turning to the right. Students are going to be the revolutionary force in this country. Students are going to make a revolution because we have the will!" One weakness of a revolution made by students in that its momentum is hard to maintain. There are yearly changes in the student body and after four years it has been completely refashioned. New leaders keep rising to address a new constituency, but each in turn will vanish into the workaday world. Those confident leaders of 1966, addressing the crowd from under a 20-foot banner that read "Happiness is Student Power"—how could they predict what students even at Berkeley would be saying or doing in a very few years?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The era as a whole might be divided into three shorter periods. Morris Dickstein has done this in his generally illuminating book, *The Gates of Eden*, but his names and dates are somewhat different from mine. First, I should say, came the years of hope from 1963 to 1966, a time of jubilant beginnings: linked arms, freedom marches, interracial solidarity, the Free Speech Movement and Berkeley, folk music (which was rather suddenly replaced by rock, with Joan Baez giving way to Bob Dylan), sexual liberation ("If it feels right do it"), and the spread of the drug culture ("Turn on, tune in, drop out"). Next came the years of confrontation, 1967-1970, which were marked by immense rallies and riots, with the inner cities erupting in separate revolts which had nothing to do with the students, but which spread among them a mood of anger and violence. Those were the years of the March on the Pentagon, the Siege of Chicago, the Day of Rage—but they also included the Summer of Love in Haight-Ashbury and the East Village and the Woodstock Festival (this followed too soon by another rock festival, at Altamont, that ended in disaster). More and more older people, including faculty members, were becoming involved in the Movement. It reached a climax in 1970, after the invasion of Cambodia and the Kent State massacre, when there were campus revolts and demonstrations almost everywhere in the country.

Then came a third period, the time of dispersion, 1970-1973, starting before the time of confrontation had ended. One of the popular slogans was now "Back to the land!" On almost any highway, in 1970, college dropouts were moving singly or in couples, thumbs extended; they were easy to recognize by their long, unwashed hair, their faded jeans, their sleeping bags, and their boots, a sort of intersexual uniform. Some of the women had babies on their backs. Their destination was likely to be some commune or campground or community where they would be welcomed by others of their kind—most often in northern California or New Mexico or the Ozarks or Vermont. After settling down, many of them would open little shops to sell health foods or psychedelic posters or leather goods or home-fired pottery; they were developing an economy of their own based on food stamps and small enterprises.

Another manifestation of the period was the yearning for instant salvation, usually to be sought by adopting the doctrines of some sect or guru; after Zen Buddhism came Hare Krishna, Baba Ram Das, the Sufi dancers, the Moonies, and the Jesus Freaks. People in Berkeley said, "The youth movement is turning inwards." The public issue on which all the youngsters agreed had been the Vietnam War. As this dragged on toward its last shameful days, the public movements that continued to flourish were Women's Liberation (soon to be followed by Gay Liberation) and, in its various manifestations, Black Power. Women and blacks each had biological reasons for asserting their mass identity. Others who maintained their revolutionary fervor had joined the Weathermen (or Weatherpersons) and had gone underground to lay plots for urban guerilla actions which, if carried out, would further alienate them from the People they devoutly hoped to save.

Skeptical as I was of instant salvation and hostile to urban guerillas, those crazies, I followed the last years of the youth movement with restrained interest. Much later, however, I read about those years in *Loose Change*, where the mood of the times is vividly suggested. Sara Davidson's plan is to follow the adventures of herself and two friends, all 1964 graduates at Berkeley. Since the three women traveled widely over the country—Davidson as a journalist, "Tasha" as an art dealer, and "Susie Berman" as a committed radical (those last two names are fictitious)—one or another witnessed or took part in almost all the public manifestations of the youth movement. To me their lives become even more interesting after the shouting had died away. Susie Berman, for example, joined a hippie settlement in Taos, traveled round the world on a stolen airplane ticket, then came back to Berkeley in 1972. There she found that her neighbors were women, veterans of the Movement living alone with their small children. As she later reported to Davidson:

> *The culture they had built was, it turned out, a matriarchy. Where were all the men? Many of them had not been able to cut themselves loose from ideology and had gone down with the ideas. A few were in mental hospitals. Rennie Davis was following the Guru Maharaj Ji. Jerry Rubin was starting his life over with yoga. Jeff had joined the Communist Party. Marvin Garson had transported himself barefoot and penniless to Israel as an immigrant to be cared for by the state.*

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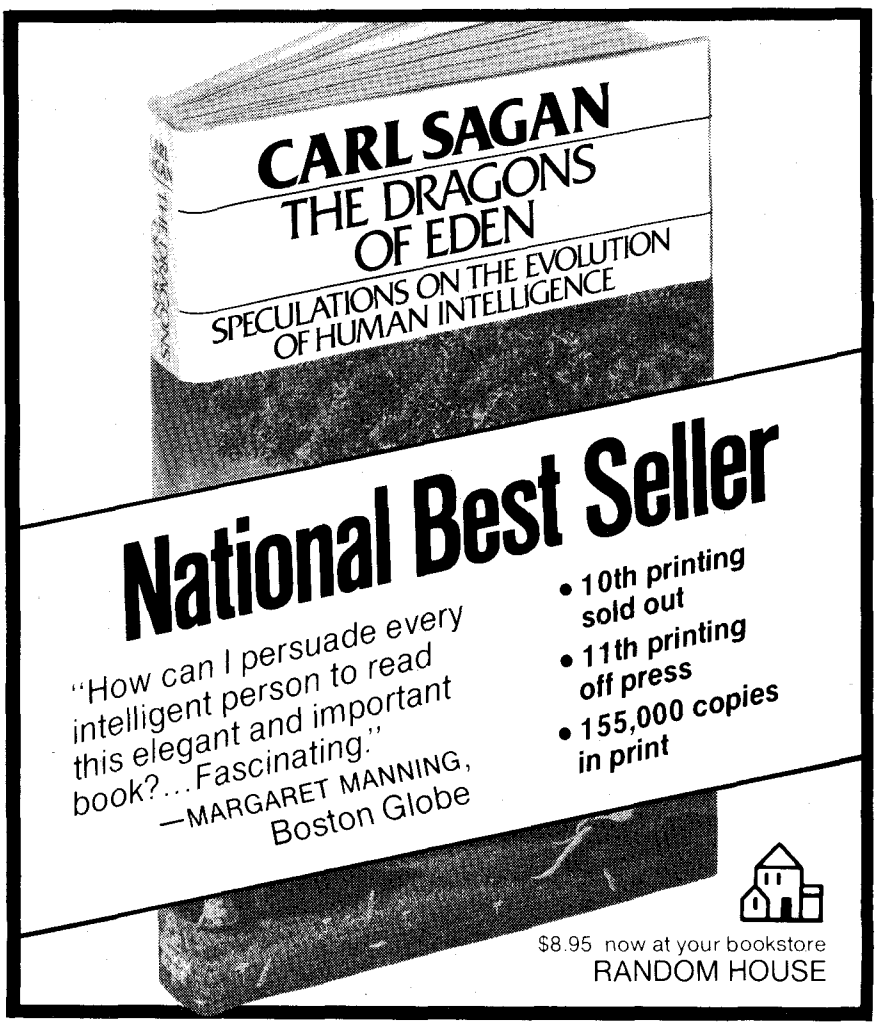
That is a shrewd comment on the course of the youth revolution. In the beginning almost all its paladins had been men. By 1972 the survivors were women living alone with their one or two children of the storm. Perhaps that was because simple biology forces women to be more earthy and durable; but the women, too, were now planning to marry for good or to settle down in respectable careers. They all looked back with nostalgia to the great days and wondered what had gone wrong. "All these bright, idealistic, committed people," they said, "—how could they have miscalculated so badly?" Sometimes they comforted themselves by thinking of the many changes they had accomplished in 10 years; as Sara Davidson lists those achievements of the youth movement, they were "the end of the draft; the profound revolution in sexual relationships; the granting of the right to vote to eighteen-year-olds and the right to abortion to women." She might have mentioned still other changes affecting the fabric of American society, as notably the progress of civil rights for Negroes and, on another level, the tolerance of pornography and of deviant conduct. The youth movement did not bring about those changes, which were largely owed to court decisions, but it had an undetermined share in creating the atmosphere that made them acceptable.

It had a more definite share in the continuing process of changing the spoken language. That process seldom receives as much attention as it deserves. Since we think mostly in words, our vocabularies help to shape our sense of life and hence our social ideals. During the '60s American speech was enriched—and in some ways impoverished—by new words borrowed from many different sources. A principal source was the youth culture itself as it flourished on campuses and in the streets. Among many other sources were the drug culture, the gay culture (*gay*, itself was a new term in common speech), Yiddish (with many turns of phrase and with words such as *chutzpah, goniff, schmuck*), women's lib (which insisted on words of common gender, *person, they* instead of *man, he*), Eastern religions (*guru, dharma, mantra, satori*), black slang (an always changing idiom from which the '60s borrowed some of the older words: *jive, funky, cat,* and *man* as a universal term of address), male obscenities (which spread from the barracks into the living room), and finally the dreadful jargons of bureaucrats, educationists, and sociologists.

Words from the drug culture were, among others, *trip, high, downers, joint, speed, acid* ("dropping acid"), *stoned, freak out,* and *psychedelic.* From the youth culture in a broader sense came *uptight, putdown, dropout, ripoff, withit, into* (for "mad about"), *kooky, off* as a verb ("Off the pigs!"), *big* (for "prominently displayed": "Sex was big"), *trash* as a verb (meaning "to destroy or vandalize"), and dozens of other compounds and words from Basic English twisted into new meanings. By devious paths most of the words have made their way into the written language. Some have already lost favor, either from being used too often or with the disappearance of the situations that gave rise to them, while others have become a permanent resource of American English. There should be a glossary of all the words, with derivations and connotations, but I have no leisure to compile it.

And what about American literature, my own field? Here, even as a detached observer, I cannot avoid a feeling of disappointment. After so many adventures and misadventures, so much shared emotion, the Love Generation of the 1960s has still produced no monuments of the literary art. Important work was published during the years when the generation flourished, but the work was done by others. Dickstein says in *Gates of Eden* that the '60s "are as likely to be remembered through novels as through anything else they left behind." The novels he eulogizes are *Catch-22, The Sot-Weed Factor, V,* and *Slaughterhouse-Five,* by, respectively, Joseph Heller, John Barth, Thomas Pynchon, and Kurt Vonnegut; these authors, he says, expressed the new sensibility of the decade. He has more restrained praise for the experimental work of Donald Barthelme, William H. Gass, Robert Coover, and other practitioners of metafiction and the antistory. He says that their underground prose, as it might be called, with its alienation from the broader public, offers an exact parallel to the guerilla tactics of the Weather Underground. At this point he is making the common error of confusing two age groups. Not one of the authors he praises—not even Pynchon, born in 1937, who is by far the youngest—is a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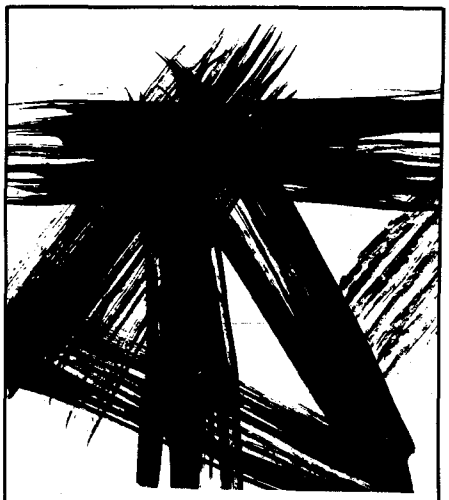

"Crazy is ugly. And God don't like ugly."

Once, when Frank D. McConnell was trying to justify, to a class of his, the vision of Kafka's Metamorphosis, one of his rural fundamentalist students made the above comment.

"Unless we can recognize the wisdom of that comment," writes McConnell, "I think we miss much of the real point of the best fiction and poetry of the last seventy years." In **FOUR POSTWAR AMERICAN NOVELISTS**, McConnell uses the work of Bellow, Mailer, Barth, and Pynchon to illustrate his theme—that the best American fiction since World War II has been written by writers who don't like ugly. These particular four, he states, struggle with "the omnipresence of the lie." They are concerned with contemporary man's dread of inauthenticity—his sense that he has no real self or creative life amid today's urban tensions. By writing about characters who think they are entrapped in their own fictions, are not these four novelists, McConnell asks, indicating the way out of the trap?

Harold Bloom writes: "Frank McConnell's essays on Bellow, Mailer, Barth, and Pynchon are worthy of their subjects—they illuminate both the achievements and the limitations of these writers with an authority that only a few other critics have attained. McConnell provides perspectives that no other commentators on current fiction have made available to us, at least not with such clarity and such moral force."

FOUR POSTWAR AMERICAN NOVELISTS
Bellow, Mailer, Barth, and Pynchon
$15.00

University of Chicago Press
Chicago 60637

member of the Love Generation. Not one of them took part in its political activities. All are older men, veterans of the 1950s, who belong to the straight world, and it would be easy to demonstrate that what they expressed, if in a dissident form, was the sensibility of that other era.

The actual leaders and spokesmen of the Love Generation were not men or women of letters. Some of them had renounced literature in order to remake the world and their own lives. They expressed themselves eloquently, at times, but usually in speeches or manifestos or articles hastily written for various organs of the counterculture. They had no time to dream of writing masterpieces—until 1971, that is, and afterward most of them were too discouraged to write at all. In literature too, most of the survivors were women. Joan Didion being a little older, I should guess that in fiction Anne Tyler and Joyce Carol Oates are the clearest voices of the generation. Sara Davidson has been its liveliest historian.

Malcolm Cowley

Malcolm Cowley, former literary editor of *The New Republic*, is most recently the author of *A Second Flowering: Works and Days of the Lost Generation* (Viking).

The Back of the Book

Killer Captured

A sniper stalked New York at night, searching for young women, usually long-haired brunettes, in parked cars with boy friends, in Queens or the Bronx. On August 1 he broke some of his patterns by killing a short-haired blonde in Brooklyn, his sixth victim of 13 shot, but the .44 bullets from a Bulldog revolver, four fired from the gun's five chambers, and a description by "Tommy Z" who witnessed the shooting in his rear view mirror left no doubt that the Son of Sam or the .44 Caliber Killer, as he was variously called, had struck again.

His description as reported in the *New York Times* was general: "white, 25 to 33 years old, 5 feet 7 to 5 feet 11, sturdily built, with brown hair, high cheekbones, dark eyes, dark complexion and probably wearing a wig." (That's just great, said the chief; it could be *anybody*.) The name Son of Sam was coined by the police when they answered a note left by the killer at a double murder on April 17. He wrote a second note to *New York Daily News* columnist Jimmy Breslin in June which began: "Hello from the gutters of N.Y.C. which are filled with dog manure, vomit, stale wine, urine and blood," and closed: "Upon my capture I promise to buy all the guys working on the case a new pair of shoes if I can get up the money"—a taunt like Jack the Ripper's, who also bore two names (the Whitecastle Murderer), favored women, and killed six.

"Sam's a thirsty lad," said the letter to Breslin, suggesting that Sam is the .44, "and he won't let me stop killing until he gets his fill of blood." Police psychiatrists surmised that the killer was out to prove his manhood to his father, or that some woman did him wrong, in a car (it wouldn't have been the first time) or that he hates his mother, or is impotent. Whatever drove him, he evidently did not wish to be caught. Unlike George Metesky, the "Mad Bomber" of the '50s, or William Hierens in Chicago who scrawled "catch me" on mirrors in lipstick, the Son of Sam dreamt, "perhaps I will be blown away by cops with smoking .38s."

His image was pure Hollywood, but so is most of this case. The sensitive maniac with a way with words (*Rollercoaster*); perhaps an artist (*Hangover Square*); specializing in young women (*House of Wax*); clever as he is brutal (*Dirty*

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Harry); compelled to kill (*The Lodger*); a master of disguise (*No Way to Treat a Lady*); is hunted by the underworld (*M*); uses one *modus operandi* (*Frenzy*); appeals directly to the press (*Call Northside 777*)—these among other elements in every movie about an unknown mass killer: the picturesque name; the Commissioner (McLoughlin) begging reporters not to "interfere with the investigation"; the reward offered by the irate politician ($500 by Councilman Edward Rappaport of Brooklyn); 250 extra cops volunteering for the manhunt; vigilantes out for blood—a man carrying two guns was pummeled in a Brooklyn bar. Rabbi Solomon Shapiro called for law and order at the funeral of Stacy Moskowitz, the killer's last; Mayor Beame put pressure on the Commissioner for "results"; the man on the streets swore, "I'd like to meet the SOB in a sound proof room with only our hands as weapons."

The headlines read as if they had been flipping off the presses, or as if a bale of papers had been tossed on the sidewalk and there was a close-up of the front page: "Son of Sam Still at Large"; "Descriptions of Killer Vary." The police patrolled "lovers' lanes." Breslin pleaded with the killer to turn himself in. The Commissioner confessed he hadn't "one solid lead." A detective was quoted as vowing "he's mine. The man is Jack the Ripper and I'm makin' a personal appointment with him." Shops closed early. The blinds were drawn in Bayside.

You could cast it now—some director undoubtedly has—or rather you could cast it yesterday since the story sounds more like a '30s thriller than a modern one: the street-wise reporter, the Irish cops, the clean murders in black and white. Every emotion in this case is heartfelt, yet one can't shake the aspect of melodrama. Astonishing how our lives repeat themselves, testing the authenticity of our feelings by displaying them in hackneyed forms.

Every night our killer prowled a neighborhood, staked out an apartment house, and thought, with what's left of his mind, how he was unique. Every night Stacy Moskowitz's parents mourned as no one had mourned before. The cops and the Mayor sweated it out their special way; the city had a terror previously unknown; Breslin couldn't remember when he had been in a tighter spot. And in a parked car somewhere a boy was telling his date that he had never met anyone like her.

Roger Rosenblatt

Correspondence, *from page 5*

comprise two factors. The ordinary national capital (*e.g.* Ottawa or Canberra) grows because as population grows, the need for organizations to care for the populace increases, and national trade organizations gravitate to the seat of power. Thus, Ottawa is prosperous and indeed contains a larger proportion of the Canadian population than does Washington. It continues to grow for another reason, the flight from Montreal. Washington shares in this natural growth of bureaucracy and trade associations but has two further dynamic factors: the fact that since about 1945 Washington has been the world capital, not just a national capital, and the secondary fact that the gradual disintegration of New York City has impelled many organizations to move to this area. As world capital Washington contains abnormally large embassy and chancery staffs with concomitant wealth, and likewise large corporations gradually are moving their headquarter staffs to this area to be closer to the seat of power (Congress).

Stephen Chapman's article, "Big Ticket Item," likewise tells the truth but not the whole truth. Cultural activities were expanding in Washington long before the Kennedy Center was conceived. From personal experience I can say that in singing with the Cathedral Choral Society since 1951 I have seen a veritable explosion in the number of choral organizations and concert activities, as well as in the growth of the audiences for such activities. We have gone from a period in which the music reviewer could cover every important concert to a period when the review is the exception rather than the rule. The same is true of stage activities and ballet. Now, the Kennedy Center is a fine place. It is crowded partly because the Concert Hall seats only 2750, as compared to 3800 at Constitution Hall; the competition for seats is now fierce. Tourists do not ordinarily attend concerts because seats are sold weeks or months in advance, whereas tourists cannot set their plans that far. People go to concerts to hear and not to be seen; they applaud President Carter because he is a popular President and because we have

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not seen a President in the concert halls since Harry Truman's time. Finally, as retired people, we keep on attending concert series at the Kennedy Center and will continue to do so; they are not that expensive.

Edward L. Corton
Hillcrest Heights, Maryland

To the editors:
Although I will agree with several of your assertions, *i.e.*, the desegregation issue (which, by the way, you conveniently failed to stress is enormously complicated by the "tri-state" nature of any desegregation plan) and the cost of housing, as a resident since 1973, I strongly resent the unsubstantiated innuendo offered throughout the Washington issue. An individual who lives outside the metropolitan Washington area has been offered an incredibly distorted picture of an exciting and growing community which is simply seeing the effects of its status as the center of the free world. Would *The New Republic* rather see the nation's capital in the form of Prudhoe Bay or possibly a quaint spot in Siberia?

Let's be reasonable! Of course there are fancy restaurants, high government salaries, and expensive homes, as *well* as a degree of snobbery. But this is not representative of the metropolitan area as a whole. The area consists of over three million inhabitants, not all of whom bathe in French wine. The majority of the areas' citizens do not eat at Sans Souci or Duke Zeibert's. I for one do not know where these bastions of fine cuisine happen to be. Quite frankly, I don't care to know because the thought of paying for a "chopped steak" sandwich at $3.95 rather than a 69-cent hamburger gives me heartburn!!

The Washington area has only recently developed a forum for the dissemination of the arts—The Kennedy Center. Granted, it is leaning on the high side in its ticket prices; however, you also failed to note that the area has numerous dinner theatres at modest prices; it has Wolf Trap Park, which offers very reasonable prices and a delightfully relaxed outdoor atmosphere. It also has numerous neighborhood theatres, hundreds of medium-priced restaurants which do not, unfortunately, rate mention in the generally elitist *Washingtonian*, and literally thousands of free summer concerts, parks, picnic areas, exhibits and recreational activities—all of which are utilized on a massive scale by the tens of thousands of Washington-area residents who do not drive a Mercedes, shop at Garfinckel's, dine at "SS", golf at Burning Tree or participate in the plastic world of garden parties and private Georgetown clubs.

Ralph Gregory Perrino
Arlington, Virginia

To the editors:
Limousines in front of the Rayburn House Office Building, ("A Washington Scrapbook," photos by Diana Walker) another example of Congressional opulence, right? Wrong. For the last two-and-a-half years I have worked in a Congressional office overlooking the Rayburn driveway. The line-up of limos pictured is a rare occurance, usually reserved for visiting foreign dignitaries.

An additional clue: the row of station wagons in the traffic lane; veteran Washington scene watchers will recognize the Secret Service. Their presence is not normally visible on Capitol Hill. *The New Republic* is not immune to the overstatement too common in Washington.

Owen Goldfarb
Washington, DC

Baseball up, football down

To the editors:
Baseball in decline? Hardly. Richard Rabinowitz ("Baseball in the Mind," July 23) must have been aware that last season saw a record turnout at the gates—31,320,592—and attendance this year is running about 20 percent greater than 1976.

Football on the upswing? Perhaps, but all those $15 "no-shows" have not one smidgin of the love for their sport that any one dollar bleacher bum show for his.

Robert Cassidy
Chicago, Illinois

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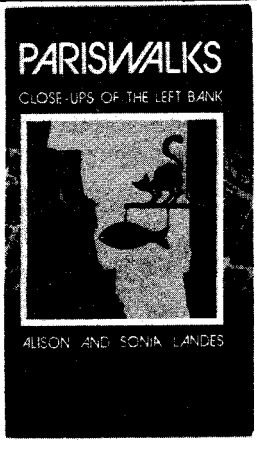
TRB, *from inside cover*
Carter people or the hack instincts of the press, the cliche of the public servant too valuable to the nation to do anything but "work" is as virulent as ever. Carter, Reston tells us, "gets to work by six in the morning," is "an alarming influence on his staff and Cabinet, who try to keep up with his energy," not to mention (or rather, to mention later on) "his tireless energy and relentless determination."

Two questions naturally arise from these sagas of time macho. What could they possibly be doing for all these hours? And if all these important people are working so terribly hard, why isn't there peace and prosperity throughout the land? (Or, to put it another way, what wretchedness are these long hours saving us from, if all they accomplish is the world we've got?)

A veteran observer of foolishness in high places explains Washington time macho this way: "If you can't measure output, you measure input." Since policy makers cannot often point to anything objective they've accomplished, all they can do to assure themselves and the rest of us of their value is to put in long hours.

The problem is not limited to government. Fewer and fewer of the jobs available to educated people are of the sort that can leave a person confident at the end of the day that he or she has accomplished anything. Lawyers, business executives, social workers, educational administrators: all they can do is to work long hours and hope for the best.



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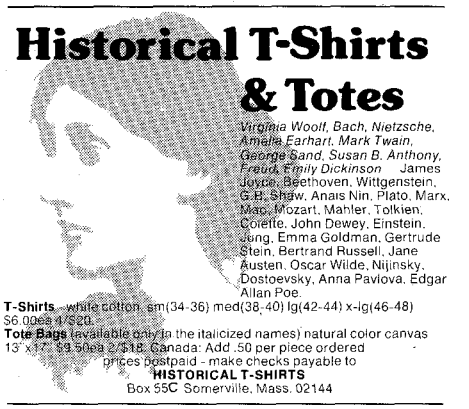
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Washington Diarist

Ms. Yoffe Comes to Washington

During the summer the city is host to a transitory subculture, the intern. No, not the kind who takes your pulse, but the kind who works for some private organization or for the government as a temporary professional. The advantages to employer and employee are clear: the employer gets hard-working, enthusiastic help; the employee gets experience which looks great on the resume.

Like everything else, there is a hierarchy of prestige to internships. Media internships run the gamut from volunteer positions writing letters to late paying subscribers, to well salaried byline experience. Working at *TNR* falls somewhere in between.

If you're an intern you never let anyone you're dealing with professionally find that out because they immediately assume you're the office peon. (What could be further from the truth?) If you're a reporting intern, you must be constantly on guard that the person you end up quoting is not an intern, too. After all, your journalistic integrity is at stake.

There is no such thing as monogamy in Washington, I've been told. It's not possible, due to The Ratio. Estimates vary widely, but all come down to the fact that there are many more women than men in Washington.

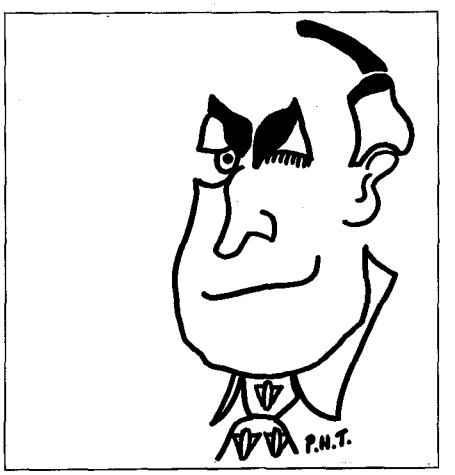
A veteran journalist has explained the ratio to me this way: "Most politicians when they get here think they've died and gone to heaven. Of course you've got to understand what 12 to one means. First you have to get rid of the old bags who've been working at HEW for 50 years. Then there are the dogs. Then some of them you just ain't gonna like—well lots of times that doesn't make too much difference. Then there are the married ones. Okay, we'll keep half the married ones in the pool. Taking that all into account, there are about three cute girls with the hots from Kenosha or Oshkosh for every horny guy, and believe me, they're all horny."

Superficially, women seem to be integrated into the functioning of Washington more than that of other cities I've seen. Before moving down from Boston, I stopped to visit a friend who works on Wall Street. It's an entirely masculine part of town. You only see women at noon, when the secretaries emerge to eat yogurt on the plazas.

Women are all over the place in Washington. Maybe that's because the government produces so much paper that more women are required to type on it and file it. One day when I was carrying my briefcase home, a car pulled up to me and the driver called out, "How you like being a lawyer, lady?" Women with the trappings of authority are still a remarkable sight.

Congressmen must parcel their time effectively. Socializing is part of the job, and they may have to make an appearance at several functions in an evening, my journalist told me. They can't stay too long at any one party, and they can't get too drunk, at least not at the first one. Parceling personality is as important as parceling time. Charm is a scarce commodity, and it would be foolish to waste it on some young woman at a cocktail party.

It makes sense for a Congressman to horde his charm and to use more



economical alternatives to get what mere mortals must make an effort to obtain. A red and white label affixed to the lapel proclaiming, "Congressman So-and-so" is symbolic charm. The label says, "I'm important and powerful and if I wink at you and squeeze your fanny, you've passed muster."

The notion of conversing with the woman in question is inimical to the process. Powerful men have to be constantly reassured that they are powerful, it seems. And like other accoutrements of power, bedding many attractive anonymous women reminds these men they're powerful enough to get many attractive anonymous women to go to bed with them.

A lone female can establish herself as a human being at a party full of Congressmen if it's early enough in the evening, and people are still sober. I had an interesting talk about the inevitability of the next war with some conservative Republicans under those circumstances. But after too many drinks it becomes a frat party, and you're the girl they've hired to jump out of the cake.

Ties often are more articulate about their wearers' politics than the wearers' themselves after a few drinks. At one party I found myself surrounded by ties emblazoned with elephants, and congressional seals, and one with a repeating pattern of what appeared to be an airplane. I asked the Congressman if it was his B-1 bomber tie. I thought I was making a joke. He opened his jacket and on the bottom of the tie was embroidered "B-1." "You hear the speech I gave on this thing?" he called to one of his colleagues. He turned back to me and said, "You want your country to be safe, don't you honey?" Then he gave me a hug.

I'm subletting a basement apartment in Georgetown. Getting "admitted" was a more rigorous process than getting into college.

The biggest mystery is what the neighbors do with their garbage. I don't know if the help takes it home or what, but in the month I've lived there, I've never seen any garbage put out. I had been disposing mine in the public trash bin across the street. But the fact that I was constantly filling it must have been esthetically offensive to the neighborhood. The bin was removed two weeks after I arrived. I now carry my sack of trash to work with me and throw it away when I get to Dupont Circle.

E.Y.

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IBM Reports

Information: key to better service for you as a consumer.

Shoppers in a supermarket near Baltimore now spend nearly 30 percent less time in the checkout line. Guests of an Atlanta hotel can register in just seconds after their arrival. And at a Nebraska savings and loan association, customers can make deposits and withdrawals 40 percent faster than before.

The reason that customers of the supermarket, the hotel and the savings and loan association enjoy better, faster service is the same: computer-based systems provide these businesses with the information they need when they need it—current information about food prices, about available rooms, about account balances.

Minimizing delays is only one of the ways in which modern information technology—from computers to office systems—can be used to benefit the consumer.

For example, with timely, accurate information businesses can reduce the number of out-of-stock items, promptly answer customer inquiries, provide more personalized service and plan better to meet future consumer needs. Information technology is IBM's business—providing the tools for recording, processing, communicating, storing and retrieving information.

Clearly, such information tools are increasingly important in serving the consumer today. They will become even more essential in the future as the economy continues to grow in size and complexity. For instance, today the average supermarket stocks 50 percent more products on its shelves than it did 20 years ago. And, counting various sizes and colors, a large department store now offers a choice of more than a quarter of a million items.

When consumer choices expand in this way, so do the problems of business management. Fortunately, advances over the years have made it more and more economical for businesses to improve customer service through the use of information technology. For example, the cost of computer processing has come down at the rate of about 18 percent compounded annually during the past 20 years.

We at IBM are committed to developing a wide range of innovative new products using information technology—products that help put information to work for people.

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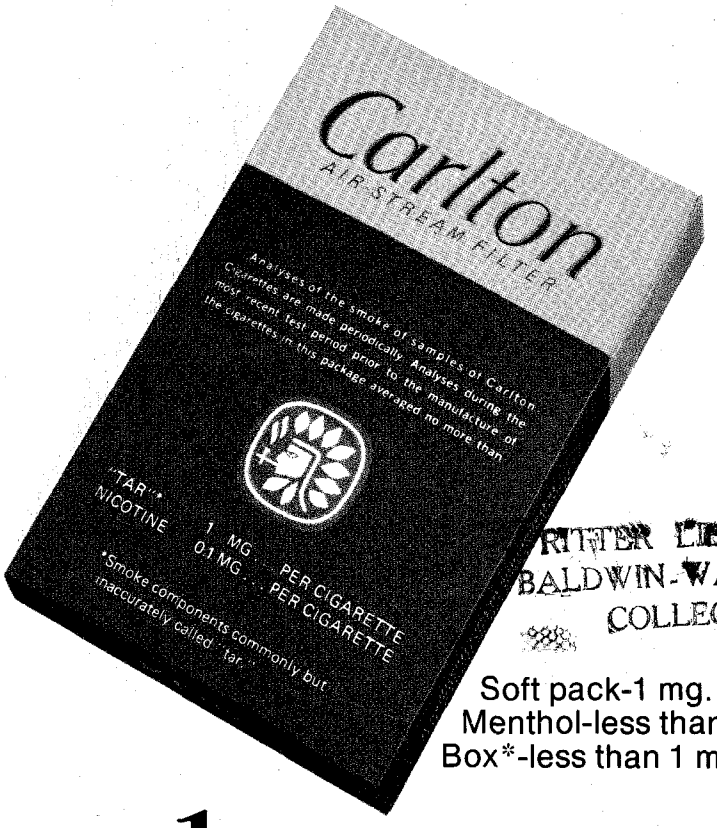
Brand W	19	1.2
Brand W 100	19	1.2
Brand M	18	1.1
Brand S Menthol	18	1.2
Brand S Menthol 100	18	1.2
Brand BH 100	18	1.0
Brand M Box	17	1.0
Brand K Menthol	17	1.4

Other cigarettes that call themselves low in "tar"

	tar mg./ cigarette	nicotine mg./ cigarette
Brand P Box	15	0.8
Brand K Mild	14	0.9
Brand W Lights	13	0.9
Brand M Lights	13	0.8
Brand D	13	0.9
Brand D Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V Menthol	11	0.7
Brand V	10	0.7
Brand M Menthol	8	0.5
Brand M	8	0.5
Carlton Soft Pack	**1**	**0.1**
Carlton Menthol	**less than 1**	**0.1**
Carlton Box	**less than *1**	***0.1**

*Av. per cigarette by FTC method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